

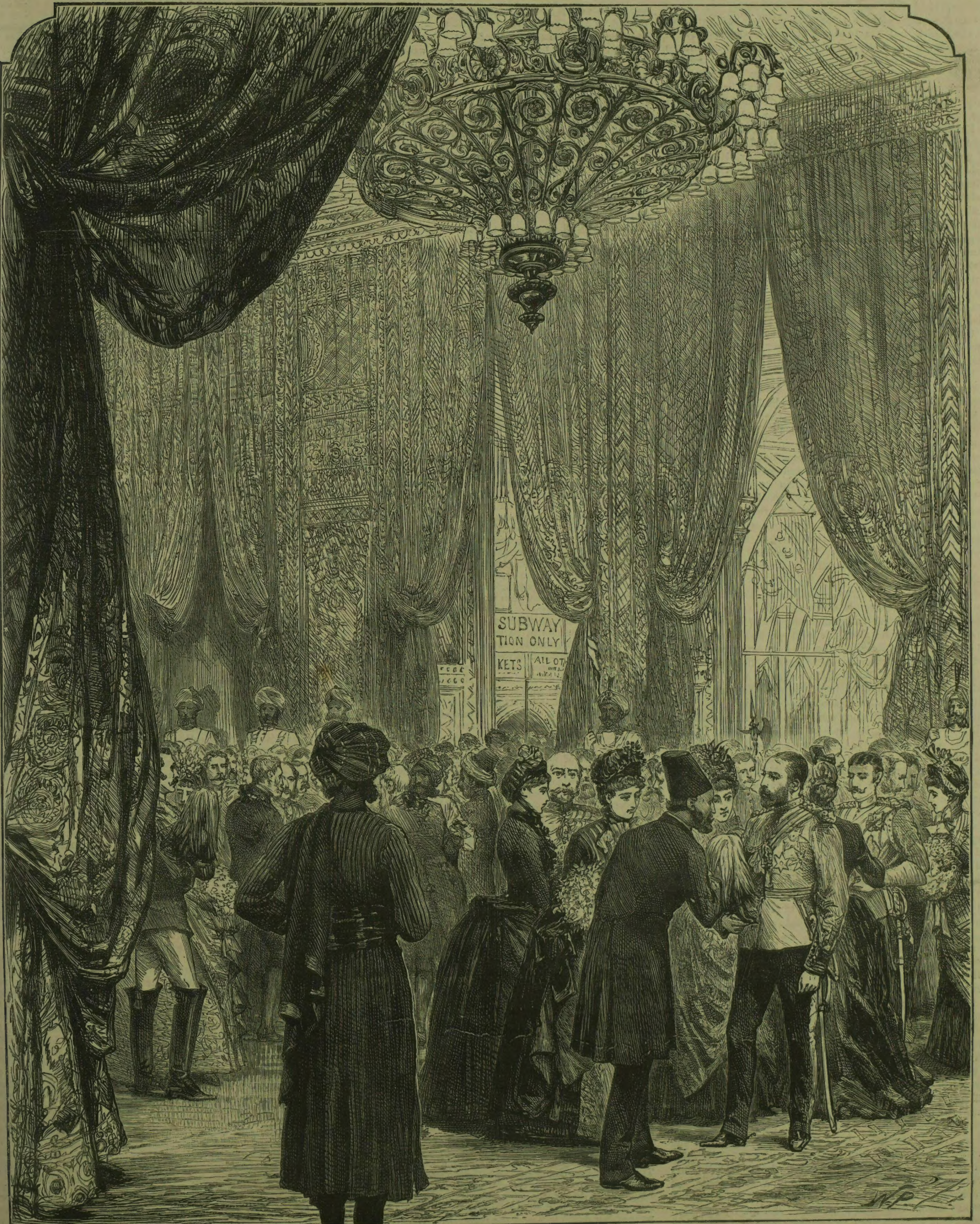
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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OPENING OF THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON: WAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN IN THE INDIAN VESTIBULE.



# THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Among the great company of people gathered together in the Royal Albert Hall at high noon on Tuesday, the Fourth of May, were there very many, I wonder, who felt, as I hope that I did, in fullest force, the deep suggestiveness of one passage in the address read to her Majesty the Queen by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of the Royal Commission of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, of which his Royal Highness is President? Thus ran the Prince's well-weighed words:—"We venture to avail ourselves of this opportunity to convey to your Majesty our dutiful and loyal acknowledgments of the interest which your Majesty has been pleased to take in our labours, proved as it is by your Majesty's presence here to-day; nor can I resist a reference to a similar ceremonial presided over by your Majesty, but a few paces from this spot, five-and-thirty years ago." Yes; five-and-thirty years ago! As the clear and resonant voice rang through the vast area of the Albert Hall, the portals of old memories—portals of which you deemed that you had lost the keys long ago—were suddenly unlocked; and "Time ran back and fetched the Age of Gold." The whole dazzling scene before me underwent a wondrous transformation. It seemed that I was, indeed, only "a few paces from the spot" where, five-and-thirty years ago, was enacted the grandest pageant that had been enacted in England since the Queen's coronation, in 1838. Mentally, I found myself in one of the iron galleries of Paxton's house of glass; and the date was the First of May, 1851. Five-and-thirty years ago! Mentally I looked down on a sumptuous crimson-carpeted dais erected at the intersection of the nave and transept of the wondrous structure by which was practically established an Eighth Lamp of Architecture, and overhung by an immense baldachin of Garter-blue damask suspended from the crystal roof. There was a throne and there was a chair of estate on that dais; and mentally I saw Victoria the Queen, young, comely, smiling, a tiara of diamonds flashing on her brow, and the broad blue ribbon of the Garter crossing her breast. And in her hands she held her two elder children: the little Prince of Wales, in the Highland dress; the little Princess Royal, now Princess Imperial of Germany. And by the side of our beloved Sovereign I saw—strong, handsome, dignified, grace in his every movement, thoughtful culture in his every word, intellect beaming in his every glance—Albert, the Prince Consort. Five-and-thirty years ago; and how many of the actors in the majestic ceremonial of May Day, 1851, are dead! Three Archbishops of Canterbury have filled the throne of the Primate of All England since good Dr. Sumner, on that memorable May Day, invoked the Divine Benediction on an enterprise designed by the wise and beneficent Prince who had been so nobly active in its inception and organisation to prove not only the means of promoting and encouraging arts, manufactures, and commerce, but also of fostering the spirit of peace and goodwill among all nations. Gone, too, are the heroes, Wellington and Anglesey. How plainly did I seem to see them in my day-dream on the Fourth of May, as, arm in arm, five-and-thirty years ago, they walked in the Royal Procession which, after the Great Exhibition had been formally declared by the Queen to be open, swept through the nave! There was the Iron Duke—the Great Captain of the Age—his good white head somewhat bowed on his breast, but still erect and valid, and with something of the old fire yet flashing from his keen eye, and something of the old stern resolution sitting on the firmly-compressed lips. And the decorations, the stars and crosses, the ribbons and badges on his breast! What a ladder of glory glittered there! And Anglesey, the boldest of bold Dragoons, the Murat of the British Army! He, tall, well set-up, bearing bravely his great weight of years, strode along somewhat stiffly and jerkily, as well he might; for he had an artificial limb. Did he not lose a leg by the last cannon-shot fired at Waterloo; and was it not Army-Surgeon Guthrie who amputated the limb? Guthrie! I am drifting into ancient history when I cite the name of that eminent practitioner; but where are all the princes of medical science who flourished five-and-thirty years ago? Lawrence of Whitehall, Benjamin Brodie, James Clarke, Charles Locock, Henry Holland, William Ferguson, Charles Guthrie: all are dead. And the painters and sculptors? Where is Edwin Landseer? Where Turner, and Stanfield, and Roberts? Where Bailey and Marochetti? Ask him of the mattock and the spade. Where the princes of the pen? Carlyle, Mill, Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, Trollope, Lever, Ainsworth, Charles Reade—all are gone. Are we living in a second-rate age? Is the reign of *les infiniment petits* about to begin? Not so. I saw Mr. Browning at the private view of the Grosvenor Gallery less than a week ago; and the remembrance of that pleasing fact at once dispelled my day-dream. Paxton's House of Glass, the amiable Prince Consort in Field-Marshal's uniform, Wellington and Anglesey, Sir Charles Fox, Henry Cole, Owen Jones, all in Court dress—and all dead—faded from mental view; Osler's crystal fountain, the great malachite doors and porcelain vases in the Russian Court, the model of the city of Liverpool, the Koh-i-noor in its golden cage, the jewels of Queen Isabella of Spain, Hiram Power's Greek Slave, and the Comical Creatures from Wurttemberg, all vanished like visions of the past as they were, and I came back to actual life, and I found myself again listening to the Address read by the Prince of Wales. No; this is not a second-rate age. *Les infiniment petits* are not our masters yet. Did I not listen, when the reading of the address had come to an end, to a stately choral ode, specially written for the occasion by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate, and as specially set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan? Did not Madame Albani sing with a sweetness and purity and tenderness that brought tears to hundreds of eyes—Royal eyes among the number—the enchanting ballad of "Home, Sweet Home"? And was it not the same Queen, the same Prince,

on the dais yonder, that I looked upon five-and-thirty years since? Bah! that is ages since! Let the dead bury their dead. What have we to do with five-and-thirty years ago?

Only, perhaps, thus much. I have witnessed most of the pomps and vanities—the great shows and pageants which have taken place all over the world during a period of more than forty years. As a child, I saw Queen Victoria going to be crowned at Westminster, and the ashes of Napoleon the Great borne to the sepulchre under the golden dome of the Invalides. The last show but one of which I was a spectator was seven weeks ago, at Government House, Calcutta, when, at a stately Durbar, the Viceroy of India received the Begum of Bhopal. Imperial and Royal marriages, coronations, banquets, reviews, festivals, and funerals; of these, and of a hundred other functions, I (and very possibly my readers, likewise) have had enough and to spare. But I declare that, among all the pageants these eyes have seen, the ceremonial of Tuesday last in the Royal Albert Hall did, with one exception, interest and move me more than any public celebration at which I have been present. The exception of which I spoke was the wedding, in the Chapel of St. George, at Windsor, of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Furthermore, we have so much to do with five-and-thirty years ago in the fact that, while the details of the pageant were faithfully reproduced from those which marked the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the surroundings used were more picturesque, and the general effect more grandiose and imposing than was the case even on the historic May Day when the World's Fair began. And, finally, let it be borne in mind that the present Congress of Art and Industry at Kensington has a purport and significance as profound and as earnest as that which was evolved from the sagacious mind of the Prince Consort five-and-thirty years ago: The Colonial and Indian Exhibition, projected by and carried out with the indefatigable assistance of the Prince of Wales, embraces examples of the products of the art and industry of many nations and in many races. But it is not a cosmopolitan show. It is a Royal and Imperial British show. It is intended to show to Britons at home of what stuff their brethren and fellow-subjects in distant climes are made. It is meant as a proclamation to all and sundry that Victoria rules an Empire as well as Three Kingdoms, that she is Empress as well as Queen, and that from that dais at the Albert Hall, Kensington, she stretches forth the sceptre of a mild and beneficent, a just and equitable, but a firm and fearless rule to the uttermost ends of the world, to the extremest limits of human civilisation, wheresoever her meteor flag flies, her moving drum beats, and her beloved and revered name is a tower of strength.

By nine o'clock in the morning, crowds of ladies and gentlemen, with tickets, were at the doors of the Exhibition buildings, or passing up there from South Kensington Station. They continued to pour in till half-past eleven. Five hundred police kept the road, assisted by a detachment of the 1st Life Guards, whose band was stationed at the main entrance, in Exhibition-road, with a guard of honour from the Coldstream Guards. The entrance was adorned with a row of flags, above all with the Royal standard, to be unfurled at the arrival of the Queen. Inside the building, the spacious vestibule, where her Majesty was to be received, had been appropriately decorated for the occasion. To the right was the Indian pavilion, in which the Queen was to rest while the ceremonial procession was formed. In the centre was the colossal equestrian statue of the Prince of Wales, surrounded with gorgeous flowers, ferns, palms, and tropical plants. Behind these were two large models of ocean steam-ships. Overhead was a great display of colonial flags, and there was an inscription, "British Empire, area 9,126,999 square miles; population, 305,337,224." This Hall of the Empire, or "Colonial Hall," was lined with the Queen's Yeomen of the Guard, in their Tudor livery, halberd in hand, keeping the centre clear. All round stood persons of rank, office, and social distinction, many wearing uniforms, or the ribbons and stars of knightly Orders, with Asiatics in superb dresses, and with the members of the Herald's College in their quaint mediæval garb.

The Prince of Wales, in Field-Marshal's uniform, with the Princess and their children, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Cambridge, also in military uniform, arrived at half-past eleven. The Prince wore the Order of the Garter. The Princess of Wales was in blue velvet, with a blue bonnet. His Royal Highness joined Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen and the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition, as their President. The Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor of Wales (in Hussar uniform), and his three sisters, awaited the arrival of the Queen.

Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Crown Princess of Germany and Princess Henry of Battenberg, attended by General Sir H. Ponsonby and Lord Frederick Kerr (in uniform), and the ladies in waiting, left Windsor Castle shortly after eleven. The special train left Windsor Station at fifteen minutes past eleven, and reached Paddington shortly before noon. Lord Kenmare, Sir Alexander Wood, deputy chairman of the railway company, and Mr. Saunders, the secretary, were in attendance.

On her arrival at Paddington Station, her Majesty entered her carriage, and, attended by the great officers of the household, and by an escort of the 2nd Life Guards, started for the Exhibition. Each of the six Royal carriages was drawn by four bay horses. The route of the procession—which was by London-street, Oxford and Cambridge-terrace, Bayswater-road, Victoria-gate, Serpentine Bridge, and Alexandra-gate to Exhibition-road—was kept by the 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards. On many houses along the route flags were displayed and balconies were draped, and her Majesty was greeted with continued cheering.

The cheering at the entrance to the Exhibition was most enthusiastic. The Guards saluted her Majesty. The Queen and her Royal Highnesses alighted while the National Anthem was played, and entered with a flourish of trumpets. They were ushered in by the Lord Steward and Lord Chamberlain. The Queen was simply dressed in black silk, trimmed with beads, and a black bonnet with a silver-grey feather. She kissed the Princess and Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, her daughters, and the young Princesses. A bouquet was presented to the Queen by Miss Victoria Cunliffe-Owen. In a few minutes the procession was formed to go through the building. First came the Pursuivants of Arms (Port-

cullis, Rouge, Croix, and Bluemantle), succeeded by the assistant secretaries and the official agent to the Royal Commission, the members of the finance and lighting committees, and the six heralds (Chester, Windsor, Lancaster, York, Somerset, and Richmond). The next group was composed of her Majesty's Commissioners and the Executive Commissioners, Garter King of Arms, the Treasurer of the Household, the Comptroller of the Household, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, and the Lord Chamberlain. Her Majesty followed, having the Prince of Wales on her right, and the Duke of Connaught on her left; next came the members of the Royal family already mentioned. Then followed the ladies and gentlemen of the Household, the Gold and Silver Stick in Waiting, the Captains of the Yeomen of the Guard and of the Gentlemen of Arms, and the procession was brought to a close by a number of scarlet-liveried Royal servants, the Queen's gillies, and the Military Knights of Windsor.

The procession went slowly down the steps of the vestibule, under the triumphal arch, into the Indian Court. Thence, crossing the Ceylon section, the Royal party passed between "Old London" and the "Indian Palace"; the Victoria and New South Wales sections, through the Canadian Court, the Horticultural Gardens, the Conservatory, and, by a door cut on purpose, into the Albert Hall. The steps all the way were boarded over on a gentle incline, and an awning was stretched across poles painted green. A great crowd of ladies and gentlemen lined the passages. The arrangements were everywhere perfect, so that all could see. The passage leading into the Albert Hall was hung with Oriental carpets, and profusely decorated with flowers and palms.

The Royal Albert Hall, comprising the semicircular central area, the amphitheatre of stalls, the three tiers of boxes, and the upper gallery, holds seven or eight thousand seated spectators. It was filled, in every part, with an assemblage not to be excelled in variety of social splendour, national, Imperial, and cosmopolitan in the mingling of distinctive characters, and of stately, gay, and festive attire. A narrow passage, carpeted with scarlet cloth, led from the north entrance to the dais in front of the orchestra; where, under a lofty canopy of cloth of gold, embroidered with green and purple, a chair of state, crimson velvet and gold, was set for the Queen. Her Majesty, supported by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, entered with the Royal procession, and took her place in front of this chair. The choir of hundreds of voices, accompanied by the orchestra and the organ, performed "God save the Queen" in English, and sang one verse in Sanscrit, the ancient language of India. Mr. Barnby, the musical conductor, then gave way to Sir Arthur Sullivan, who conducted the singing of a special ode, written by Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate, and set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan:—

Welcome, welcome with one voice!  
In your welfare we rejoice,  
Sons and brothers, that have sent  
From isle and cape and continent,  
Produce of your field and flood,  
Mount, and mine, and primal wood,  
Works of subtle brain and hand,  
And splendours of the Morning Land,  
Gifts from every British zone!  
Britons, hold your own!

May we find, as ages run,  
The mother featured in the son,  
And may yours for ever be  
That old strength and constancy,  
Which has made your fathers great  
In our ancient island state!  
And—where'er her flag may fly,  
Glorious between sea and sky,  
Makes the might of Britain known!  
Britons, hold your own!

Britain fought her sons of yore:  
Britain fell'd; and never more,  
Careless of our growing kin,  
Shall we sin our fathers' sin.  
Men that in a narrower day—  
Unpropitious rulers they—  
Drove from out the Mother's nest  
That young eagle of the West,  
To forage for herself alone!  
Britains, hold your own!

Sharers of our glorious past,  
Brothers, must we part at last?  
Shall not we, thro' good and ill  
Cleave to one another still?  
Britain's myriad voices call—  
"Sons, be welded, each and all,  
Into one Imperial whole,  
One with Britain heart and soul!  
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne!"  
Britons, hold your own!  
And God guard all!

The Prince of Wales then stepped forward, and read to the Queen an Address from the Royal Commissioners, explaining the objects of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. He said:—"The general interest manifested in the display made by your Majesty's Colonial and Indian Empire at the Paris Exhibition of 1878 led me, as President of the British Commission, to express a hope that an opportunity might soon occur by which your Majesty's subjects in England would be enabled to witness the marvellous development which, under your beneficent rule, their brethren and fellow-subjects had attained throughout so many portions of the globe. The invitations which we were empowered to issue to the Colonial Governments and to the Government of India were forwarded thither towards the close of the year 1884. In your Majesty's Dominion of Canada, throughout your Australasian, African, West Indian, and Eastern colonies, in your Mediterranean possessions and elsewhere, grants were voted, commissions formed, and executive commissioners appointed. The response received from the Government of India was most cordial. His Excellency the Viceroy caused, through the Revenue and Agricultural Department, instructions to be issued to every district of your Majesty's Indian Empire for the collection of objects illustrative of the arts, manufactures, and resources of that great realm." His Royal Highness, after thanking the Queen for her presence this day, said:—"I cannot resist a reference to a similar ceremonial presided over by your Majesty but a few paces from this spot thirty-five years ago. On that memorable occasion, the first of its kind, the Prince Consort, my beloved and revered father, filled the position which I, following in his footsteps at however great a distance, now have the honour and gratification of occupying. Your Majesty alone can fully realise with what deep interest my beloved father would, had he been spared, have watched, as their originator, the development of Exhibitions both in this country and abroad; and with what especial pleasure he would have welcomed one having for its object the prosperity of your Majesty's Empire, the interests of which he had so much at heart."

As the Prince of Wales finished reading, he handed a gold key of the Exhibition to the Queen, who also received a copy of the Exhibition Catalogue. Her Majesty took a paper handed to her by Mr. Childers, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, from which she read, in a clear and audible voice, her Reply to the Address of the Commissioners. It expressed her gratification at the magnificent result of their labours, and acknowledged their reference to the Great Exhibition of 1851; she said that she was deeply moved by the thought that her beloved husband, the Prince Consort, would have witnessed with intense interest this development of his ideas, and would have seen with pleasure "our son taking the lead in the movement"; she prayed that it might stimulate commercial intercourse, encourage the arts of peace and industry, and "strengthen the bonds of union which now exist in every portion of my Empire." Ending amidst a burst of hearty applause, the Queen embraced her son, handed back the paper, and commanded the Lord Chamberlain to declare "the Exhibition open." This declaration having been made, it was announced to the public by a flourish of trumpets by her Majesty's state trumpeters stationed in the hall, and by the firing of a Royal salute in Hyde Park. A prayer was offered by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, which was followed by the "Hallelujah" chorus. Madame Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home." "Rule Britannia" was given by the choir of the Royal Albert Hall as her Majesty left the building, accompanied by the Royal family, and attended by the officers of the Royal Household, going to Buckingham Palace.



## MUSIC.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.

The special event of last week (to which we drew previous attention) occurred after our publication, and therefore could only be now commented on. The opening of the summer season of the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon was made the occasion of a grand performance of Gounod's oratorio "The Redemption," which was given with vast choral and orchestral effects, similar to those realised at the triennial Handel festivals held at the Crystal Palace. The recurrence of this event, due next June, was, as already stated by us, anticipated last year on account of that being the bicentenary of the birth of the composer. Saturday's performance of "The Redemption" (in the great Handel orchestra) was an exceptionally fine one, particularly in the choral and orchestral portions, which were naturally more effective in the vast interior of the Sydenham building than those more minute details which are better suited for an ordinary concert-room. The soloists on Saturday were Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. F. King (who were all engaged at the production of the oratorio at the Birmingham Festival of 1882), and Miss Annie Marriott, to whom the second soprano music was assigned on Saturday. Madame Albani elicited an enthusiastic demonstration after her exquisite delivery of the solo "From Thy love as a Father"; another fine piece of vocalisation having been her rendering of the solos, "Ye mountains" and "Go ye forth on your way." Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley sang finely, as on previous occasions; and the other vocalists were efficient in what they had to do. The grand "March to Calvary," with its rich predominating orchestral effects; the beautiful choruses associated with the first two of Madame Albani's solos; the grand choral climax to the second part of the oratorio, "Unfold, ye portals," the "Hymn of the Apostles," and closing choruses—not to mention other instances—produced a profound impression. The several instrumental movements illustrative of Creation, Darkness, the Resurrection (with the sublime trumpet effects), and the Apostles in Prayer, were finely rendered. Mr. Manns conducted admirably, thus confirming his fitness for such a task, which was first undertaken by him at the Handel Festival of 1883 in place of Sir Michael Costa, who was incapacitated, by his fatal illness, from filling the office which he had occupied at all the previous Handel Festivals.

At the Opera Comique Theatre, in the Strand, a small musical one-act piece, entitled "The Lost Husband," has been produced as a precursor to the comedy "On 'Change," which is still running a successful career. The novelty is the composition of Lady Arthur Hill, who is also the authoress of the words. It is slight in structure, and contains some pleasing if not original music, which had been heard before in a performance at Downshire House.

Señor Sarasate gave his second grand orchestral concert at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, when he played, with his well-known finished mechanism, Mr. Mackenzie's violin concerto and some shorter solo pieces. A fine band, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cousins, was an important feature of the concert.

The Richter concerts opened a new season at St. James's Hall last Monday evening with the first of a series of nine performances. Monday's concert began with a selection from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," consisting of the overture, Hans Sachs's address to Walther (well declaimed by Mr. Fisher), and the final chorus. The same composer's "Siegfried Idyll" and Liszt's first "Hungarian Rhapsody" completed the first portion of the programme; the second part having been appropriated to Beethoven's choral symphony, the solo portions of which were well rendered by Misses Hamlin and L. Little, Mr. Winch, and Mr. Fisher. The performances generally were worthy of the reputation of these concerts.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting of the Poet Laureate's ode—performed at the Royal Albert Hall at the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition—is an effective piece that will doubtless soon be heard again, as it possesses more than an ephemeral value. The choral portions were finely rendered; the soprano solo passages having been exquisitely sung by Madame Albani, who also gave "Home, Sweet Home." The other musical proceedings of the day included the National Anthem, the "Hallelujah" chorus, and "Rule, Britannia." Sir Arthur Sullivan directed the performance of his ode, and Mr. Barnby conducted in other instances.

Madame Frickenhaus (pianist) and Herr J. Ludwig (violinist) gave the first of a new series of their interesting chamber concerts at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on Thursday evening, with a good programme.

The miscellaneous concerts of this week have included those of Mr. H. M. Imano (vocalist), Miss E. Barnett (pianist), and Mr. Carli (vocalist).

The Sacred Harmonic Society was to class its season yesterday (Friday) evening, with a performance of Handel's "Belshazzar."

Mr. Ambrose Austin's grand morning concert, to take place at the Royal Albert Hall this (Saturday) afternoon, offers unusually great attractions. The co-operation of Madame Christine Nilsson, Madame Albani, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, as vocalists, M. De Pachmann as solo pianist, an orchestra, and the London Select Choir, with Mr. W. G. Cousins as conductor—with a well-varied programme—should (and doubtless will) draw an enormous audience.

Sir Arthur Sullivan attended last week (for the first time) a rehearsal of the Leeds Musical Festival chorus, he being the conductor of the festival. He had an enthusiastic reception when introduced by Alderman Spark, the hon. secretary, and urged the chorus not to allow the great reputation these festivals had earned to diminish. The choruses of "St. Paul" were then rehearsed, and at the conclusion Sir Arthur expressed his satisfaction with the tone of the chorus and its intelligence and attention.

The memorial to the late Sir John Goss will be unveiled at St. Paul's Cathedral at the close of the afternoon service next Monday, May 10, the anniversary of his death. The memorial is in alabaster, varied with white and black marble, the designer being Mr. John Belcher, the sculptor Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. A panel represents choristers singing, underneath being a musical phrase to the words, "If we believe that Jesus died," and under that an inscription relating to the deceased musician, who was for many years organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, having also contributed largely to the stores of cathedral music.

The Royal Society of Musicians will hold its one hundred and forty-eighth anniversary festival at St. James's Hall next Wednesday evening, when the Hon. Mr. Justice Chitty will preside. This excellent institution effects a large amount of good in the relief and support of aged and indigent musicians, their widows and orphans. The claims on the society are naturally great from unsuccessful members of a profession in which the prizes are few. The excellent and inexpensive management of the institution affords a model for imitation.

Miss Esther Barnett (Corporation Exhibitor, Guildhall

School of Music) gave her second concert this season, at Prince's Hall, on Wednesday evening, under distinguished patronage. She was ably assisted by vocalists and instrumentalists, and there were other attractions.

A concert will be given this (Saturday) evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street, in aid of the funds of the Popular Ballad Concert committee, which has been engaged for the past four years in providing high-class concerts for the working-classes in the East and South-east of London. "The May Queen," by Sterndale Bennett, will form the first part of the entertainment.

Mdlle. Alice Roselli will give a concert next Tuesday evening at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, under the patronage of Princess Christian and many other persons of rank.

## THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

The scene of Mr. Rider Haggard's "Jess," the new serial attraction in the *Cornhill*, is necessarily laid in South Africa. It is so far very lively and picturesque, and we shall no doubt get accustomed in time to the numerous Boer-Dutch terms which Mr. Haggard finds it necessary to explain in brackets. The peculiarities of "Court Royal," now verging to its end, do not admit of such easy explanation. Mr. Baring Gould's nonsense, however, is not devoid of gleams of insight and shrewdness. "In Castle Dangerous" is a most amusing piece of banter upon Mrs. Oliphant's ghost-stories. An excellent paper on Balzac contains a most interesting account of the great novelist's reveries and extravagances, his passionate devotion to Madame Hanska, and the melancholy dispersion of his effects during his widow's latter days and after her death. Her extravagance, for the last few years of her life, seems to have surpassed that of Balzac himself, which, indeed, has probably been exaggerated. "Some Faroe Notes" embody a pleasing picture of the little northern archipelago.

The leading contribution to an excellent number of *Macmillan* is the commencement of Mr. Hardy's new novel "The Woodlanders," which promises to be worthy of his best skill as a painter of rural manners. As usual with him, it combines an idyllic grace with homely and downright truth of delineation, and is rather adapted for the student of character than for the average novel reader, who may not unreasonably complain of the tardy movement of the action. The other contributions mostly belong to the department of literary criticism, and are generally very able. Mr. Pater makes a thorough study of Sir Thomas Browne; an anonymous writer deals very fairly with Longfellow as poet and man; and Mr. Archer discusses the first principles of inductive criticism. "An Examiner's Dream" is a pleasing vision of a future state of things, when athletics are to be made odious to boys by being taught in school-hours, and study delightful by being treated as a recreation.

The delightful tale of "Zit and Xoe" is concluded in *Blackwood* with undiminished humour and beauty. No wise reader will consider the probability of a fiction which answers the great purpose of recreation so well. "Sarracinesca," Mr. Marion Crawford's new fiction, is not equally refreshing; it introduces the reader to a world too full of sordid elements, even though it be the world of fashion and high society in Rome. The situation is interesting, nevertheless, and two of the personages enlist the reader's sympathy. "The Crack of Doom" continues as amusing and original as ever. "Dante for the General" points out the great difference between the first seven cantos of the *Inferno* and the remainder of the poem, and accounts for it by the lengthened interruption of the composition.

There is little to remark in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, except the chapters of Mr. Norris's "My Friend Jim," Mrs. Macquoid's sketches of Perugia, and the uniform excellence of the illustrations. *Longman's Magazine* has three contributions especially worthy of notice: the continuation of Mr. Besant's "Children of Gibeon"; Mr. Richard Jeffries' "Hours of Spring," full of that overmastering intoxication of nature by which this writer is possessed when in his happiest mood; and Mr. Lewis Morris's beautiful song, "May-tide."

There is only one article of special interest in the *Fortnightly Review*, but it is the most interesting of all contributions to the magazines of this month. Mr. Wemyss Reid's portrait of the late Mr. Forster is a spirited piece of painting, finely rendering the rugged but heroic lineaments of this true Englishman, and interspersed with traits derived from intimate personal knowledge, illustrative of a softer side of an eminently manly nature. The inappropriate title of "The Other Side of the Moon" disguises a tart, unsympathetic criticism by "Lucas Malet" of Henri Amiel, certainly no lunatic. "Bygone Shows," by Mr. Edmund Yates, contains an interesting sketch of Albert Smith. "Heredity in Health and Disease," by Dr. Maudsley, is a valuable paper; and Mr. Bear's account of the solution of the land problem in Saxe-Coburg deserves study.

We must not say more of Mr. Matthew Arnold's criticism of Mr. Gladstone, in his paper entitled "The Nadir of Liberalism," the leading article in the *Nineteenth Century*, than that it has all the characteristics of Mr. Arnold's criticisms, and is likely to be much more annoying to the subject of it than a more open and downright attack would have been. Though much the ablest, it is not the most remarkable article in the number—a distinction fairly claimable by Mr. Percy Wallace's account of the marvellous discovery by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, of a cipher running through the whole of Shakespeare's, or rather Bacon's, plays, imparting the secret history of the latter part of Elizabeth's reign. The whole of this extraordinary hallucination seems to be built upon some typographical peculiarities in the first folio. Mr. Proctor writes of comets; Mr. Ernest Moon, of railway traffic and charges; Mr. W. F. Rae, of the Reform Club. The Rev. J. Murphy endeavours to prove, by the case of Galileo, that a man may be imprisoned for teaching a doctrine, and his books prohibited for containing it, and that notwithstanding, no one else is bound by the condemnation, or need take any notice of it. The puzzle is, why Mr. Murphy should be so angry with Mr. Mivart for asserting the same thing.

Other magazines will be noticed next week.

The Chester Cup was won, on Wednesday, by the favourite, Eastern Emperor; the second and third being Beaver and Sir Hamo.

The first annual meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, at which Princess Christian presides, will be held at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall-yard, this (Saturday) afternoon.

Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., presided last Saturday at the anniversary banquet of the Royal Academy. Among the speakers were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Rosebery, Professor Stokes, Mr. J. Russell Lowell, the Lord Mayor, and the Lord Chancellor.

The preliminary programme of the Wimbledon Meeting of 1886, which has been issued by the National Rifle Association, shows a substantial increase in the money prizes offered in connection with the well-known competitions, as well as presenting several new features of interest.

## LIVERPOOL INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Her Majesty the Queen will visit Liverpool on Tuesday next, and will open the International Exhibition, which has been organised by an executive council, of which the Mayor, Alderman David Radcliffe, is president, with the aid of the Corporation. It is situated in Edge-lane, adjacent to Wavertree Park, two miles from the Townhall, on an estate of thirty-five acres belonging to the Corporation. The exhibition buildings consist in great part of the materials of the structure erected for the Antwerp Exhibition of last year. These were purchased by Messrs. Simpson and Wood, engineers and contractors, of Darlington; and by the advice of Mr. Henry Sumners, architect, of Liverpool, who was employed by the Mayor and Town Council to design and construct the Liverpool Exhibition buildings, were obtained and adapted to their present use. In the view from the Botanic Gardens, Wavertree Park, or Exhibition-road, as the new thoroughfare from Edge-lane to Wavertree-road is called, the west central front of the building presents an imposing appearance. The design, which embraces a lofty gable with a pediment supported by pilasters and adorned with panels, is bold and in keeping with the character of the Exhibition. In the gable is a semicircular window, the base of which is 41 ft. in length. The internal arrangements of the edifice are simple and convenient; the plan takes the shape of a Latin cross, the main limbs of which are the nave and transepts, constituting the main sections of the Exhibition; while the spaces between are filled in with side galleries, which vary in width from 49 ft. to 82 ft. The nave and north and south transepts are 46 ft. in height to the eaves; to the apex of the roof, 67 ft. At the intersection of the nave and transepts, where there is a square of 82 ft., rises the dome, covering the centre of the building, from which the sections of the exhibition radiate. Between the floor and the skylight of the dome is a height of 100 ft. The transepts have an aisle on each side, 49 ft. in width; and on the north and south sides of the nave, extending from the transept aisles to the west front, are galleries of 32 ft. ad 82 ft. spans. Near them are open courts 65 ft. by 50 ft., surrounded by spacious corridors and refreshment-rooms which open on to a series of terraces outside. These terraces command a view of the Botanic Gardens and Wavertree Park. A more agreeable promenade could not have been devised. Machinery in motion will be an interesting exhibit, and the provision made for it is sufficient, three parallel galleries, each of 82 ft. span, having been prepared. Near these is a gallery for the machinery of the electric light, with which the building is to be illuminated. Eastward from the dome are five galleries of 82 ft. span, opening into the nave. Beyond these are galleries of like span, stretching north and south for a distance of 196 ft. At the eastern extremity of the nave is the concert-room, which will hold 4000 persons, in addition to 300 choristers and instrumentalists.

Contributions have been received from exhibitors in Great Britain, India, the colonies, and foreign countries. A model dock, already called "The Shippers," will contain a great collection of floating models of diverse vessels of all classes—steamers, sailing-ships, and boats—used in ocean and in river traffic. A spacious and picturesque "Indian Pavilion," erected by Mr. W. Cross, naturalist, of St. Paul's-square, Liverpool, will be tenanted by fifty natives of India, men and women, representing different classes of artificers and performers, as at the "Indian Village" in London, with elephants and other animals from Asia. The apartments prepared for her Majesty the Queen are beautifully decorated by Messrs. G. Trollope and Son, who have also erected a superb throne, immediately under the dome, on the east side of the central avenue, for the Queen's seat at the opening ceremony. Her Majesty will be accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duke of Connaught. We shall give some illustrations of these proceedings, and of the Exhibition and the city of Liverpool. Newsham House, where the Queen and their Royal Highnesses will stay two days, is the usual abode of the Judges during the Assizes at Liverpool, and belongs to the Municipality. It was formerly the property of the late Alderman R. C. Gardner, who was Mayor of Liverpool in 1863, when he gave a magnificent ball at the Townhall upon the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. It is a mansion worthy to be the guest-house of the Corporation, which has the Queen for its honoured guest next week.

The Law Courts re-opened for the Easter sittings on Tuesday morning.

An exhibition of the appliances formerly and now used for the extinction of fires has been opened at the Royal Aquarium.

Captain Kirkpatrick has been appointed Governor of Millbank Prison.

Mr. J. Ernest Greaves, of Criccieth, has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Carnarvonshire, in succession to Lord Penrhyn.

Dr. Moorhouse, late Bishop of Melbourne, was on Monday formally confirmed, at the Church of St James's, Piccadilly, as Bishop of Manchester.

The new railway along the Banff and Moray coast from Portsoy to Elgin was opened last Saturday for passenger traffic, the event being celebrated with much rejoicing.

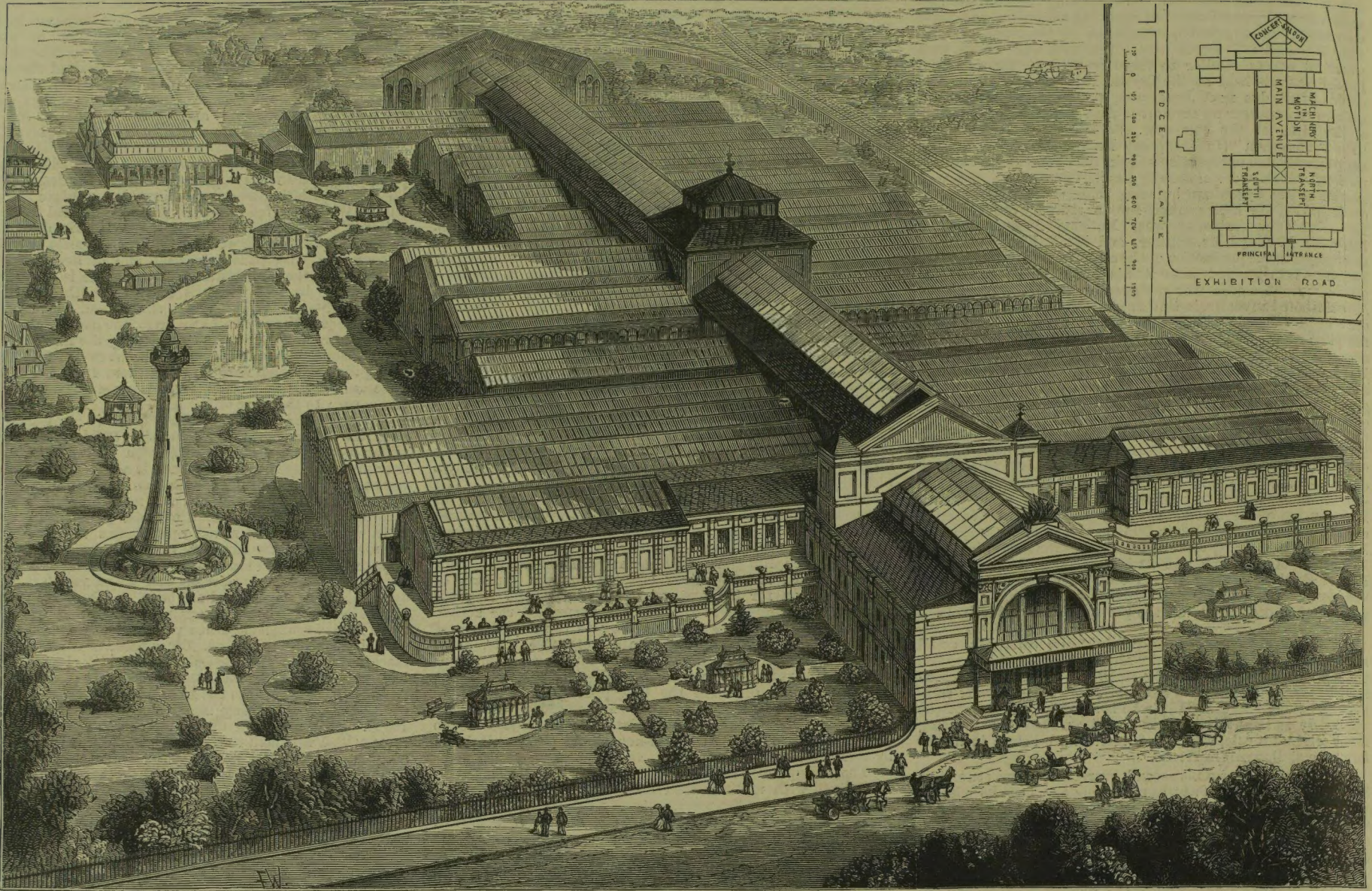
Lord Ripon, in an address to the members of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, pointed out that the margin of revenue with which Indian financiers had to deal was very small, and that relief must be sought in the direction of economy instead of increased taxation.

Dr. Eugene Oswald, the meritorious representative of German literature in England, and expositor of English literature to the Germans, has discovered a translation of a lyric of Goethe's by Carlyle, written on the back of a letter with the postmark 1870, and thus apparently belonging to a much later period of Carlyle's life than any of his other attempts in metre. Unfortunately, the MS. is not legible, and it is, perhaps, not quite certain that the translation is by Carlyle at all.

The *Athenaeum* gives the Duchess of Portsmouth credit for genuine affection for Charles II., and remarks that "when he fell, struck with apoplexy, she alone showed some heart and self-possession." This does not square with the curious anecdote in the little-known contemporary memoirs of Bishop Crewe, according to which she stole a diamond ring off his finger, which James II. compelled her to restore. Crewe also says that Charles's death was occasioned by his having eaten a swan's egg at supper with her.

The Board of Trade have awarded their bronze medal for gallantry to Francis Edyevean, of the Miriam, of Porthleven, for his services to two others of the crew of that vessel on the 3rd ult.—The bronze medal and a certificate of the Royal Humane Society have been forwarded to Mrs. Stride, wife of a fisherman at Christchurch, for courageous conduct. Mrs. Stride, who is a rather delicate woman, was attending to domestic duties on the afternoon of Feb. 1, when she was told by her children that a boat had upset in the harbour. Without a moment's hesitation, she ran into the water, and, with great difficulty, succeeded in rescuing Mr. Ashford; a man who was with him being drowned.





THE LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION, TO BE OPENED BY THE QUEEN ON TUESDAY NEXT.

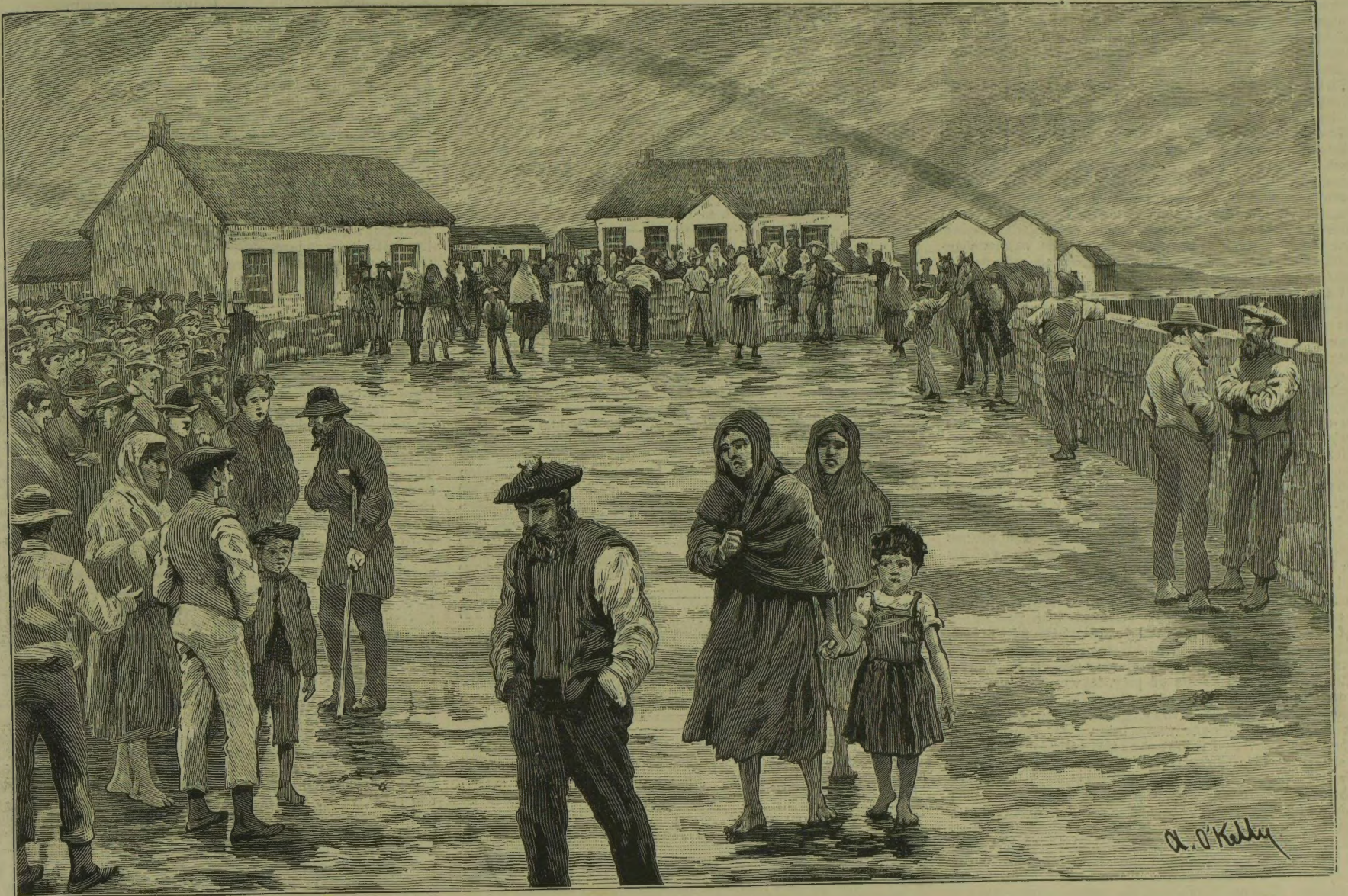


ANCIENT BOAT RECENTLY DISCOVERED NEAR BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE.



DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

SKETCHES BY MR. CLAUDE BYRNE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



WAITING FOR RELIEF OUTSIDE THE PRIEST'S HOUSE AT KILRONAN, ARRAN ISLANDS.



"WARMING THE GROUND," A SKETCH AT GWEEDORE, DONEGAL.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The dramatist, like the preacher, has two distinct methods of conversion. He arrives at the ultimate goal of moral rectitude by opposite paths. He can persuade by drawing awful pictures of an eternity of sorrow; he can paint life as it is with all its vileness, the bitterness of its disappointments, the shallowness of its love; or, with face serene and voice of touching tenderness, he can by sympathy, by example, and by illustration, show that for the wickedest men there may be forgiveness, for the most degraded woman there may be repentance and love. "Clito," by Mr. Sydney Grundy and Mr. Wilson Barrett, is a bold, unconventional, well-written, and powerful play, relentless in its sarcasm, uncompromising in its severity, fancifully clothed with flowers of speech, and superbly decorated with brilliant pictures of ancient Athens steeped in depravity and corruption; the skill of the dramatist, the art of the actor, the taste of the archaeologist, combine to interest and excite the audience. But we rise from the play jaded, harassed, and depressed, frightened and not consoled, with the old, old truth ringing in our ears that men may be weak and women vicious, that treachery is more powerful than truth, and deceit more omnipotent than love; that the sum total of existence is vileness; and that life is, indeed, a sorry and distressing tragedy. No one doubts the sincerity of the authors, no one questions their cleverness; but, in order to enforce the truth of this moral lesson, they have cultivated the real and despised the beautiful; they have painted human nature in its most repulsive colours, with scarce a relief of contrast; they have set before us a severe and relentless text, that sin has its punishment, and that for the sinner there is nothing but a degraded and pitiless death. "Clito" is not one of the plays, be they drama or tragedy, from which we rise conscious of the errors of human nature, but buoyed up with the hope of mercy, soothed by what we have witnessed, and in a measure consoled with an inner confidence of pardon. The preacher's face is not severe; he thunders forth anathemas with withering scorn; there is no light of love about his eyes—no pure, calm dignity of demeanour; he execrates the folly of mankind, parades perdition, and thumps the pulpit. If such a story of human folly and heartless depravity had to be told in order to enforce a great moral lesson; if it required a poetical play and sumptuous surroundings to tell us that the man most conscious of his strength is most fallible, and that the woman outwardly most beautiful is inwardly most corrupt; if it required stage pictures and groupings of remarkable magnificence to tell us the old unalterable truth that the coxcomb who poses as a model of virtue is an egotist, bound to fall at the first attack of temptation, and that there are women in the world so steeped in vice that they are dead to every feeling of shame, and indifferent to every access of pity, it was well—nay, it was essentially more artistic—to place the scene in old Athens half a century before the dawn of Christianity than eighteen hundred and sixty years later. M. Emile Zola claims the same freedom for his art as the authors of "Clito" do; he is the apostle of the new artistic doctrine that a spade is a spade still, and may be called so in literature, in painting, and in the drama. He is as sincere in his conviction that vice can be routed by strong and uncurbed expression, and that the preacher's lesson can only be got home by violence of illustration, as our new recruits in the artistic Hallelujah Army; but, with less discretion, he has told the same story by means of a Nana instead of a Helle. Between the women there is not a pin to choose. The one is modern, the other ancient; that is all. The one sweeps her train on the Boulevards, the other in the Agora. The one is Parisian, the other Athenian. The cheers, enthusiastic, unanimous, real, that greeted Clito and all his self-consciousness, and Helle with all her sensuous surroundings, might, indeed, have been jeopardised had Clito lived in the Albany and Helle been the idol of Hyde Park. The moral advocated would have been precisely the same, but the illustration far more dangerous. The weak spot of the new tragedy is the contemptible character of the hero: a man with whom no soul can sympathise, a man who is a windy braggart when he is not a fool. A man who takes upon himself to denounce vice in the market-place should be strong enough in his virtue to resist the first faint attack of a vicious woman. A man with a brain to analyse, and a mind capable of understanding what an ideal woman is, apparently from experience, might fairly be expected to hesitate before he rushed madly, even when his eyes were open, after a creature so deplorably unideal and unimaginative, so destitute of taste and tact that one would have thought his whole soul would have revolted against her when the scales fell from his eyes, and he was relieved of her contaminating presence. A man who in his public harangues has denounced a Helle and all her tribe could scarcely be expected to be innocent of her identity when he finds himself in a dissolute palace, amidst perfumed lamps and singing bacchanals, intoxicated with wine and song, in the very home of luxury that has been his sermon's text. Clito is either a headstrong and impulsive boy or a calm, deliberative, and thinking man. If he be the first, he would not even have reflected on an ideal woman, or even have understood her: he would not have appreciated the exquisite simplicity of Irene or the noble love of Xenocles; he would not have won the applause of the mob or the confidence of his countrymen. If, on the other hand, he be the latter, it is difficult to understand the innocence of a mob orator and member of the Athenian Purity Society, when he finds himself a contented guest in Helle's notorious palace. Nor is Helle, the wretched creature who lures Clito to his doom, wholly great in the sense that Cleopatra and the vicious heroines of history were great. A woman who could so defy the present and the future should scarcely be shown as a rank coward in her death. Let virtue and vice be equally consistent when they are represented in ambitious tragedy. Luckily, the terror of the tragedy is toned down by stage pictures of remarkable accuracy and beauty. Mr. Godwin, the learned archaeologist, and the modern professors of stage management have combined to tone down the glaring colours of the text, and to relieve the boldly-painted picture. The excited mobs of indignant Athens, the exquisite ease and luxury of Helle's home, the sweetly-scented fumes of incense, the lutes, the slaves, the plashing fountains, and the gorgeous apparel of old Athenian life, have been cleverly and effectively introduced to gild the bitter pill of human depravity. And then, also, we have an elegant and attractive Clito in Mr. Wilson Barrett, strong in the faith of his popularity, and Miss Eastlake, who plays Helle with astonishing force, consummate boldness, and artistic skill. Miss Eastlake has never before so thoroughly distinguished herself, and I regret that I have no space at my command to describe her excellent acting in greater detail. The finished art of Mr. Willard in an insignificant character, and the fine elocution of Mr. Clydes, are of immense value to the tragedy, that has obtained an extraordinary success. Would, indeed, that amidst its glare and glamour, its weakness and corruption, its literary charm and scenic magnificence, one word could have been uttered in defence of the nobility of man's nature, one syllable whispered concerning the recognised purity of woman!

C. S.

## BIRTHS.

On the 3rd inst., at Ardenaine, Glenageary, in the county of Dublin, the wife of William Comyns, of a son.

On the 27th ult., at Vienna, the wife of Adolf De Plason, Councillor in the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office, of a son.

On the 28th ult., at 2, Talbot-road, W., the wife of G. H. D. Wilson, Bombay Civil Service, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

On the 29th ult., at Springhill House, Kilmarnock, N.B., by the Rev. John Sime, Dundonald, James Robertson Buntine, Esq., Advocate, Sheriff-Substitute of Stirlingshire, to Jane, second daughter of the late Archibald Finnie, Esq., of Springhill and Grange, Ayrshire.

On the 29th ult., at All Souls', Langham-place, W., by the Rev. W. Nelson Winn, Arthur, eldest son of the late John Knowles, Esq., Heaton Grange, Bolton, Lancashire, to Marian Jane, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson, 64, Tollington-park, N.

On the 28th ult., at Kilmorie, Paisley, by the Rev. John Hutchinson, D.D. (nude of the bride), assisted by the Rev. Andrew Fleming, Bryce Allen, Glasgow, to Annie Smiley, eldest daughter of Stewart Clark, Esq., of Kilmorie, Paisley, and Cairncairnie, in the county of Arnam.

On the 27th ult., at the parish church of St. Peter, Great Berkhamsted, Herts, by special license, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of St. Albans, assisted by the Rev. Arthur Johnson, M.A., Rector of the parish, and the Rev. W. M. Smith-Dorrien, M.A., Precentor of Durham, Frank John Constable, third son of Captain Constable Curris (late 12th Royal Lancers), The Hall, Great Berkhamsted, to Laura Mildred, daughter of the late Colonel Smith-Dorrien, Haresford, Great Berkhamsted.

## DEATHS.

On Wednesday, the 21st ult., after a few hours' illness, Bertha, the wife of Joseph Lowenthal, The Grange, Edgerton, Huddersfield.

On Feb. 21, at Melbourne, Australia, John Andrew, second son of Colonel Grant Kinloch, of Logie, N.B.

On the 2nd inst., Knillie, the beloved daughter of Henry Maclean, Vicar of Lanteglos-by-Fowey, aged 14 years.

On March 24, at Paris, Charles Preston Kennedy, of Castletown Castle, Carlow, and of Peamount, in the county of Dublin.

On the 28th ult., at Boston, U.S.A., of scarlet fever, James Henry, second son of James Buchanan Mirreles, of Redlands, Glasgow, in the 21st year of his age.

\* \* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**BRIGHTON.**—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day from Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d. (including Pullman Car). Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

## PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN.  
CHEAP NIGHT EXPRESS SERVICE, WEEK-DAYS AND SUNDAYS.  
From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m.  
Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 33s.  
Powerful paddle-steamers, with excellent cabins, &c.  
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.  
Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

The Day Special Express Service will commence on June 1 for the Season.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS,** see Time-Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office.  
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

## MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF

MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera, Comique, and Entertainment in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity.

The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

## SEA BATHING AT MONACO.

On a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year.

MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, Hôtel des Russes, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

## THE RIPON MILLENNARY FESTIVAL.

£10,10s. will be given by the Ripon Millenary Festival Committee for the best open-air Play written on the Legend of the "Encounter between Robin Hood and the Curial Friar at Fountains Abbey."

Special attention must be paid to dramatic effect, and suitable solos, duets, and choruses, as the Play will be set to music, and should occupy about one hour.

It is proposed to produce this Play on Aug. 27 and 28 next, on the traditional spot, near Fountains Abbey, and the Committee will reserve to themselves the Copyright, &c., of the Play.

Particulars of the locality of the Play, and further information, may be obtained from the Town Clerk of Ripon.

Plays to be sent in marked "Prize Play," and signed under a "motto," inclosing name and address in separate envelope, on or before Tuesday, June 1 next.

(Signed) J. O. BAYNES, Major and Chairman of Festival Committee.

Ripon, May 1, 1886.

## TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF

PICTURES by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at THOMAS LANEY, 7, HAYMARKET (next the Theatre). Admission, including Catalogue, One Shilling.

**JEPHTHAH'S VOW,** by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr." NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Aino Doini," "Zeuxis and Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

## HER MAJESTY'S DRAWINGROOM.

Painted by F. SARGENT.—Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK and SONS take pleasure in announcing the Exhibition of this magnificent Picture, containing upwards of 150 Portraits, painted from special sittings by Her Majesty, the Royal Family, and Leading Members of Society, at the NEW GAINSBOROUGH GALLERY, 25, Old Bond-street, ON VIEW from Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

## LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY

IRVING.—FAUST, EVERY EVENING at Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry; Martha, Mrs. Stirling. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five.—LYCEUM.

## HAYMARKET.—Lessees and Managers, Messrs. E. RUSSELL

and G. F. BASHFORD.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, JIM THE PENMAN, by Sir Charles L. Young, Bart. Messrs. Arthur Dacre Barrymore, H. Beerbohm Tree, Brookfield, Maurice, Rodney, Ben Greet, Forbes Darrmore, Winter, West; Miss Helen Layton, Mrs. Brooke, Miss Lindley, and Lady Mounckton. Seats can be booked in advance daily from Ten till Five. No fees. MORNING PERFORMANCE OF JIM THE PENMAN, SATURDAY NEXT, and EVERY SATURDAY, at Two. Seats can now be booked.

## PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

Lessee and Manager.—CLITO, an original Tragedy by Sydney Grundy and Wilson Barrett, EVERY EVENING at Eight, and SATURDAY, MAY 15, at Two. Scenery by W. Telbin, Stafford Hall, and Walter Hann. Music by Mr. Edward Jones. Costumes by Madame Auguste and V. Barthe. Archaeology of the Tragedy by E. W. Godwin, F.S.A. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Will rd. Clydes, Hudson A. Melford, Fulton, Bernice, Elliot, Barrington, De Souza, Carson, &c. Misses Cooke, Wilson, Garth, Belmore, and Miss Eastlake. Box-office open daily 9.30 till Five. No fees. Doors open at 7.30. Carriages at 10.45. Business Manager, Mr. John Cold.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL.—PICCADILLY.

ALL THE LEADING DAILY PAPERS of the 27th ult., and the IMMENSE AUDIENCES THAT HAVE CROWDED THE ST. JAMES'S HALL TO ITS UTMOST CAPACITY throughout the past week, UNANIMOUS IN ACCORDING THE HIGHEST PRAISE TO THE MINSTRELS' Entertainment.

Prominent amid the many successful and salient features of the Holiday Programme are the new and charming Songs and Choruses.

MR. G. W. MOORE'S last new and original Comic Song, "Put on the Golden Sword."

The new Comic Sketches of the Three Sports, and ALFRED WEBS' new and amusingly funny and novel Fantomine Scene, entitled, "Quiescent Gymnastic Fun."

ALTOGETHER THE VERY BEST AND THE MOST AMUSING PROGRAMME IN LONDON.

EVERY NIGHT at Eight.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, Three and Eight.

Tickets and Places at the Hall daily, from 9.30 a.m. till Seven.

## JUNE HORSE—SHOW—1886.

MAY 29, 31, JUNE 1, 2, 3, 4.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON, N.

ENTRIES CLOSE MAY 17.

Prize Lists on application to Mr. R. VESPER, Secretary.

## ANCIENT BOAT FOUND IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

An interesting relic of prehistoric antiquity has been discovered at Brigg, in North Lincolnshire, on the bank of the River Ancholme, which flows thence northward to the Humber, about nine miles, and discharges itself at Ferriby Sluice. The workmen excavating the ground at Brigg Gas-works, on the 20th ult., found, a few yards from the river, and but two or three feet below the surface, a massive piece of oak, which proved to be a large boat or canoe, not built of planks, but cut out of the solid trunk of an enormous tree. This boat, of which we give an illustration, is 48 ft. long, 4 ft. 4 in. wide, and 2 ft. 9 in. deep; it had been shaped in a very workmanlike manner with the axe or adze. Mr. William Stevenson, of Scarborough, has examined the boat, and has written a description. The head or prow is rounded off somewhat blunt, and gives one the impression of its being used as a ram. The stern end is sloped or bevelled, the cutting-out of the timber being carried through, and a plank end seems to have been fitted in, the planks being fitted into grooves wrought in the inside face of the vessel. As this plank end of the vessel was fixed in a perpendicular position, the sides, being sloped or bevelled, projected some distance beyond. These projections beyond the stern boards have the appearance of brackets intended to support a raised deck or seat. Towards the top edges there are large holes pierced through the wood; at first it was thought these might have been used for mooring the vessel, but Mr. Stevenson is now of opinion they have been laced through with ropes or cords to bind in the sides and press them to the plank ends. Along the sides of the vessel, towards the centre, are other holes, the purpose of which is doubtful, as they are too small, and cut too straight through the side, to have been used by oars. The floor of the boat is upwards of 40 ft. long and 4 ft. wide, perfectly flat and level, and without any signs of a mast being fixed therein. The sides are hewn quite perpendicular, and towards the stern there are some brackets left in the solid wood, as if to support the ends of a seat. There is a hollow at the head, as if for a bowsprit, and near to it was a piece of crooked oak somewhat in the shape of an elephant's tusk. Nothing has been found in the boat, except some pieces of Scotch fir, but near it were some curious bones, which have not been identified. Mr. Alfred Atkinson, C.E., of Brigg, who has closely examined the boat since it was laid bare all round, does not think the hollow at the head was made for a bowsprit, but that it has been caused by decay of the wood. The hole pierced in each bow is about 6 in. in diameter; these holes are fitted with plugs, the cut-board ends of which are rounded off in the form of a boss. At the stern the sides are cut obliquely, with a slight curve, so as to form an overhanging counter; the actual stern-board is fitted into a V-shaped groove, a few inches more forward. The stern-board is missing; but some of the material used for caulking was left in the groove. This, on being carefully washed, was found to be moss; it would probably be forced into the joint in a dry state, so as to swell and become tight when it got wet. Mr. Stevenson is probably right in considering that the holes through the upper edges of the sides, abaft the stern-board, were used for lashing the sides together. The other holes in the sides were, perhaps, made for the same purpose. When the boat was first uncovered, a beam or stretcher was found *in situ*; it was between the gunwales and near one pair of holes. This stretcher would prevent the sides of the boat from closing in, and the lashing from hole to hole would keep them together. The stretcher was not made of oak, but of some softer wood that fell to pieces when removed. In hollowing the boat, ridges of timber have been left at intervals, crossing the bottom athwartship; these correspond with the floor-timbers of a modern craft. In the angle at the junction of the side and bottom some curious little cleat-like projections have been left, bored through with small holes for a rope or lashing. In the starboard bilge of the boat there is a long crack in the timber, which has been caulked with moss. There is evidence to show that at the time this boat found its long resting-place an extensive shallow lagoon existed in the Ancholme valley. This was gradually and slowly filled up with alluvium, probably of fresh water origin. If the boat sunk or grounded in the shallow water, the clay, as it accumulated, would creep into every chink and cranny, and fill up, and afterwards bury it altogether. A section of the ground, showing the alluvium and the peat and forest beds existing here, will be found in a description of the ancient timber causeway at Brigg, in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries for May 8, 1884.

Last week 2515 births and 1472 deaths were registered in London.

The ninety-seventh anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund took place at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday.

Mr. John Child, a vigorous and graceful elocutionist, gave the first of four dramatic and miscellaneous concerts on Wednesday, at St. George's Hall.

The annual dinner of the London General Porters' Benevolent Association took place yesterday week at the Albion Tavern. The aggregate of the contributions connected with the dinner was £2254.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Countess of Aberdeen were present last Saturday evening at the distribution of prizes to the male pupils of the Model Farm at Glasnevin. The Countess presented the prizes, and his Excellency addressed the pupils subsequently.

The general arrangements for the meeting of the British Association in Birmingham have been completed. The proceedings will commence on Sept. 1, the president being Principal Dawson, of Montreal College, Canada. An extensive exhibition of local industry and art will open in Bingley Hall on Aug. 26, and many excursions will be arranged.

The annual festival of the village choirs took place at Oswestry yesterday week, and was a marked success. The Duchess of Westminster presented the prizes. In the competition of town choirs, the prize town banner, illuminated certificate, and silver medal for conductor was awarded to the Lodge and Bronygrath Choors.

Major Rudway, referring to a statement in our issue of May 1, that "to the year 1859 belongs the origination of our present body of Volunteers," says—what, indeed, has frequently been shown in this paper—"two experimental battalions were formed several years prior to this date—namely, the Exeter and South Devon in 1852, and the Victoria Rifles in London in 1853. My father, the late Major Rudway, obtained his Captain's commission in the first-named corps in 1852, and I myself was one of the first to join its ranks. At that time, volunteering was not popular as it is now; and recruits had to equip themselves throughout, and to find even their own ammunition. It is, I believe, mainly due to the loyalty evinced by the Devonshire men, and to the Victorians, under their leader, Captain Hans Buck, during six years, in which every possible difficulty was thrown in their way, that we may attribute the fact of volunteering having been allowed to become general throughout the country."



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The most splendid state pageant for many a long day was that of Tuesday. The vast Albert Hall was crowded with a brilliant representative assembly. High colonial officials, decorated with ribbons of many colours, great officers of state in Levée dress or in uniform, Dukes and Duchesses, Earls and Countesses, the Ambassadors of foreign Powers—glittering with orders, Indian Princes shining with diamonds and cloth of gold, awaited the coming of the Queen, Empress of the mightiest Empire the world has ever seen. It was a long wait; but at last, over the dais to take their seats in the arena, there came a long procession of gentlemen, some in uniform, some in Levée dress, nearly all decorated with ribbons, stars, or crosses. The heralds, in cloaks stiff with gold embroidery, came next, and stood beneath the dais, in the space already bright with the splendour of the massive gentlemen-at-arms; the gilt maces and the gold sticks followed. And then, the central figure of all this splendour—the small, yet stately figure of her who has ruled us for nigh fifty years—came through the door, led by the Heir Apparent, and followed by Princesses and ladies, and soldiers and statesmen known to fame, almost without number—a brilliant and distinguished crowd, facing the almost equally brilliant and noble throng in the hall.

It is not my part, however, to describe the ceremony. Suffice it to say that Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen's programme and arrangements were perfect. My seat was just at the corner of the dais, and I therefore saw splendidly. The Queen was in black, except that a small grey marabout plume in the centre of her bonnet relieved the sombreness. Her dress was of founces of black lace; her mantle was a small square shawl of Chantilly lace, and the black lace bonnet was quite a fashionable hood-shape; her Majesty had fine diamond ear-tips. At her right hand stood the graceful figure of the Princess of Wales, looking as young as ever, and as elegant as usual. Her costume was of turquoise-blue striped velvet: the front of the bodice had a series of bars of the dark velvet over a sky-blue crepe puffed plastron; dark blue bonnet, with strings and high feather aigrette of the lighter blue.

Next stood a welcome figure—the unforgotten Princess Royal, clever and kind-looking. Her gown was perhaps the handsomest there: a coat polonaise of moonlight blue satin, trimmed with iridescent passementerie, over a darker blue velvet petticoat; a bonnet of grey tulle trimmed high with roses. The Duchess of Oldenburg in heliotrope faille, Princess Christian in sang-de-bœuf velvet trimmed with ruby beads; the Duchess of Edinburgh, in a black lace bonnet with red roses, black jetted mantle, and splendid robe of brown silk brocaded with red velvet flowers; and the Duchess of Connaught, looking very fragile, in grey silk, trimmed with white ribbons, completed the semi-circle on her Majesty's right.

To the left were the younger Princesses. The Marchioness of Lorne had grey velvet. Princess Beatrice was in a wonderful mantle of steel grey velvet, all gold embroidered, and a bonnet of yellow tulle and feathers. The Duchess of Teck's ample form was fittingly attired in simple black, with a heliotrope feather in the bonnet; her pretty young daughter, also in black, had blue flowers in her bonnet. Then came the young Princesses of Wales, in slate-coloured cloth with velvet collars, and high hats, trimmed with stiff wings and velvet bows; and Princess Louis of Battenberg, in pale blue faille Française, with blue and brown feathers in a brown bonnet. Did ever this generation see before such a galaxy of Royal ladies? All the Princesses were in uniform, Prince Edward of Wales looking very distinguished in his soldier costume.

The Duchess of Buckingham in blue velvet, Lady Salisbury in brown velvet, and wearing her Order of India on her breast; Lady Rosebery, in a long mantle of black silk, with velvet front, trimmed with jet and narrow scarlet seam pipings, and scarlet poppies in a black bonnet; Countess Hatzfeldt, in brown cashmere; Lady Spencer, in unrelieved black silk, with a jet bird in her bonnet, and violets on her bosom; Mrs. Mundella, all yellow plumes and long strings; Lady Kay-Shuttleworth, in black silk, with plastron of white lace, and white lace bonnet; Madame Albani, in mushroom silk, made with a Medici collar, and wearing also a mushroom silk bonnet, edged with otter fur. These are only a few of the many whom I recognised amongst the brilliant throng.

The private view of the Academy was more crowded than usual. The prevailing colour in the nice gowns was decidedly green, in all tints, but especially in light moss shades. Here are some of the green dresses:—Miss Marion Terry had a polonaise of a dark-green faille Française, draped back and front nearly to cover an underskirt of apple-green faille, which latter, at the sides, had a panel effect; hat covered with the dark silk, and trimmed with a feather to match. Mrs. Langtry's gown was not becoming to her figure. It was a half long, loose-fronted coat of dark green velvet, almost bronze, which had narrow stripes of red marked across it at intervals, making it look like a page ruled for music. Her blouse waistcoat and underskirt were of the brightest red faille Française, the skirt cut out in vandykes round the bottom, so as to just show a foot frill of the velvet. She wore bronze shoes, and her bonnet was a green head-shape, with red feather. Mrs. Fred. Goodall's dress had myrtle green velvet, forming a pante across the front and down the sides, and also part of the back of the bodice, the rest of the dress being a somewhat lighter green faille, with a waistcoat of velvet embroidered in chenille. Her hat was of light blue crepe, with trimmings of green ribbon bows.

Madame Antoinette Sterling and Madame Marie Roze represented Music. The former wore a long coat of brownish grey plush, and a toque hat to match, with a brown feather; her skirt was light grey, heavily braided. Madame Roze had a blue satin dress, the underskirt in wide box pleats, with the drapery over it battle-mented round; a black short mantle, worked with beads, and a high blue hat, trimmed with a red bird. Miss Glyn, the actress of ancient fame, attracted a good deal of attention by her "get-up." She had no bonnet, but a quantity of black lace folded on her head, and fixed by a large wreath of yellow marguerites and maidenhair fern. Her mantle was a black lace shawl folded square, and a yellow silk handkerchief extended half down her back, and was fixed in front with another long spray of field daisies. Mrs. Bernard Beere wore grey corduroy velvet draperies and loose-fronted jacket, over a blouse and skirt of mushroom satin; a green hat, with pink bows. Mrs. Pfeiffer was draped in a Greek chiton in deep red, in which her portrait on the wall was painted. Lord and Lady Sherbrook are on the walls also, and they were parading the galleries for comparison—she in a grey check tweed, tailor-made. Then there was the President of the Royal Society, Professor Stokes, with his daughter, spoiling her beautiful auburn hair by contiguity with palest pink attire. There was Mrs. Alma Tadema, with her similar fair hair frizzed up before and behind a small flat untrimmed fold of black lace by way of bonnet. There were the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of York; then Mr. Val Prinsep, and his wife in blue braided with silver; and other artists and artists' wives innumerable, for whom the event is a field-day.

F. F.-M.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, May 4.

The election last Sunday was a triumph of abstentionism, and a striking instance of the present indifference of the French in political matters. All the agitation that preceded the election was confined to the press and to a limited number of journals; and on the voting day the citizens were gathering in the environs, instead of attending to their civic duties. Another curious fact to be noticed is that for the representation of the capital of France the only two candidates were obscure journalists—one, M. Gaulier, a writer in the *Radical*; the other, M. Roche, a Collectivist and revolutionary writer in Rochefort's journal *L'Intransigeant*. M. Roche was presented as the "condamné de Villefranche"; his candidature was one of protestation, and of sympathy with the revolutionary violence which he defended recently at Decazeville, and for which he was condemned by the tribunal of Villefranche. Indeed, he was let out of prison in order to support his candidature. The electors on Sunday gave proof of relative moderation by electing M. Gaulier in preference to M. Roche, though, after all, there is little to choose between the two—the former is an advocate of revolution by legislative means, the latter of revolution by immediate violence. The moral of the event is that the mass of French citizens will not take the trouble to affirm their reasonable opinions, and politics are consequently falling more and more into the hands of adventurers, who make a career of utopian revolutionism. Out of 570,308 electors, only 268,400 voted. M. Gaulier obtained 145,274 votes, and M. Roche 100,375. At the elections of October, 1885, M. Gaulier's predecessor, M. Rochefort, obtained 248,681 votes.

The walls of Paris are covered with official posters printed on white paper, announcing a three per cent loan of 500 millions of francs, to be issued on May 10, at the rate of 79f. 80c. for 3f. rente. At the same time, the Government publishes the conditions of a competition in view of the building of the Exhibition of 1889. The Exhibition is to comprise the Palais de l'Industrie, the Esplanade des Invalides, the Champ de Mars, and the quays adjoining, forming a superficies of 291,000 square metres. This space is to be divided as follows: 32,000 metres to the fine arts, 90,000 to machinery, 25,000 to agriculture, 6000 to the colonial exhibition, and 118,000 metres to other sections. The various plans and projects will be exhibited from May 19 to 22, and prizes awarded to the twelve best. Of course, only French architects and engineers will be allowed to compete. The directors of the Exhibition will be M. Georges Berger, representing the Government and managing the general organisation; M. Alphand, representing the city of Paris, and superintending the building; and M. Christophle, representing the financial syndicate—the Exhibition being the result of the collaboration of these three elements, the State, the city of Paris, and a financial company. Here there are two great questions settled so far, the Government loan and the Universal Exhibition.

One of the characteristics of the French is to shirk responsibility and individual effort. Everything, from match-making up to public instruction must be administered by the State; even play-acting must be protected and directed by the State, witness the Comédie Française, the Odéon, and the two Operas. The Municipal Council of Paris has determined to rival the State, and have its own subsidised theatre, which is to be the Théâtre des Nations. According to the contract just signed with the new directors, this theatre is henceforward to amuse and instruct the Parisians by the performance chiefly of patriotic dramas. Such spectacles, in the opinion of the Municipal Council, will contribute to form devoted citizens and enlightened electors, and, at the same time, enable young authors to get their pieces played. Verily, the Municipal Council is a simple-minded body: an historical piece can scarcely be played in France without provoking a riot the moment it touches upon subjects or persons about which opinion is divided. The idea of a popular and educational theatre could only be carried out by banishing politics from the plays, which is precisely what the Municipal Council does not wish to do. It is to be feared that this grand scheme will come to nothing.

Paris is very gay and happy, in spite of the cool winds that temper the May sunshine. The city is full of visitors, and all the amusements of the season are in full prosperity: races at Longchamps and Auteuil, charity bazaars, balls, concerts, the Hippodrome, the Cirque d'Été—which is frequented by all the smart people, especially on Saturday evenings; and last, but not least, the Salon, which opened last Friday. For the moment everybody is talking painting—artists and public alike; but out of all their theories and observations the surest conclusion one can draw is that "good taste is my taste," "le bon goût est mon goût."

The authorities have determined to inquire into the details of two recent duels, one of which led to the death of a young novelist, M. Robert Caze, and the other to the wound which threatens to prove fatal to M. Edouard Drumont, the author of that much-discussed book, "La France Juive." The seconds of M. Drumont and of his adversary, M. Arthur Meyer, have been summoned to give their testimony.

T. C.

The Emperor William, accompanied by Prince William, went last Saturday to Potsdam, and inspected the 1st Regiment of the Guard. He remained standing during the whole of the inspection, which lasted an hour and a quarter. The Crown Princess left Berlin for England on Friday last week. It was at first intended that the Crown Princess should be accompanied on this visit to England by her daughter, Princess Victoria, but this arrangement has been departed from, and the latter has gone with the Crown Prince and other members of the family to Homburg. The Crown Princess will stay at the British Court until the middle of May, and will then join her husband and children at Homburg. Arrangements have been concluded between the British and German Governments with relation to the line of demarcation between their respective possessions in the Western Pacific.—During Tuesday's debate in the Lower House of the Prussian Diet on the May Laws Amendment Bill, Prince Von Bismarck spoke twice in favour of the measure.

Queen Louisa of Denmark has left Copenhagen for Germany, on a visit to her sister, the Princess of Anhalt-Dessau.

Mr. Jefferson Davis continues his tour through the Southern cities, making speeches, and being everywhere received, apparently, with enthusiasm. The Southern newspapers, however, are rebuking him.—The labour demonstrations in favour of eight hours' work a day took place on Monday in various parts of America. The largest was at Chicago, where about 30,000 men took part in the proceedings. They attacked a factory defended by the police. During the encounter four policemen and five rioters were shot.

At a meeting, at which the Premiers of New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland were present, proposals for the future administration of New Guinea by Queensland were agreed to, that colony guaranteeing for this purpose an annual sum of £15,000, towards which the two first-named colonies will each contribute £5000.

## THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Louis of Battenberg (Princess Victoria of Hesse), with the infant Princess Alice of Battenberg, arrived at Windsor Castle on Thursday week from Osborne. Last Saturday the Queen drove from Windsor to Bagshot Church, and was one of the sponsors at the christening of the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who was named Victoria Patricia Helena Elizabeth. On Sunday morning the Queen and Royal family attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor. The Rev. Canon Rowsell preached the sermon. The Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of England), who arrived in London from Berlin last Saturday, left Buckingham Palace on Monday morning for Windsor Castle, on a visit to the Queen. The Queen was present at the confirmation of Princess Victoria, the eldest daughter of Prince Christian. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Crown Princess of Germany and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, drove, after luncheon, from the castle to the Royal chapel in Windsor Great Park, where the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, and the Duchess of Albany had assembled. After the ceremony her Majesty, with other members of the Royal family, drove across to Cumberland Lodge, the residence of Prince and Princess Christian, and later in the day returned to the castle. On Tuesday her Majesty attended in state to open the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, as is recorded on another page; and on Wednesday held a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace. Next Tuesday the Queen will proceed to Liverpool to open the International Exhibition of Navigation, Commerce, and Industry.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Marlborough House on Friday last week. On Saturday morning the Prince paid an official visit to the various sections of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. His Royal Highness was received by Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, the secretary of the Royal Commission, who conducted him over the building. The Executive Commissioners were presented to the Prince, and attended him through the respective Colonial and Indian Courts. The Crown Princess of Germany arrived at Marlborough House in the afternoon on a visit to the Prince. The Prince and Prince Albert Victor dined with the President (Sir Frederick Leighton) and Council of the Royal Academy of Arts, at their anniversary dinner at Burlington House, in the evening. By command of the Queen, a Levée was held on Monday afternoon at St. James's Palace by his Royal Highness, on behalf of her Majesty. The Prince presided over a meeting of the Royal Commission for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in the Durbur Hall, South Kensington. His Royal Highness informed the Commission of the various preparations which he, as executive president, had caused to be made, and concluded by asking the Commissioners to meet him next morning, at half-past eleven o'clock, at the principal entrance, to await the arrival of the Queen. Prince Albert Victor took up the freedom of the Mercers' Company, and was presented by the Master, Mr. Daniel Watney, with the freedom in a gold casket. The Prince was afterwards entertained at a banquet. On Thursday the young Prince opened the Edinburgh International Exhibition.

The Duchess of Albany on Saturday last distributed the prizes in connection with the Savoy Schools in the theatre of the University of London, Burlington-gardens.

## PARLIAMENT.

Members of the House of Commons reassembled but sparsely in the House of Commons on Monday last, the tug-of-war on the Irish Home Rule measure of the Government not coming on till Monday next, for which date Mr. Brand has set down his hostile motion to the bill. The war against Mr. Gladstone's proposals regarding the local government and the land of Ireland was vigorously carried by the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Goschen into the territory of the Prime Minister himself, the noble Lord and his colleague on this question securing the adoption of resolutions hostile to the measures in Edinburgh yesterday week. Although the very same night Mr. John Morley gained the approval of the principle of the two bills from a large meeting in the St. Andrew's Hall of Glasgow, the Premier not unreasonably felt a desire to justify himself, in his own way, before his own constituents. Accordingly, from Hawarden, on May 1, Mr. Gladstone sent to Midlothian an address, in which he defended the course adopted by the Government with respect to Ireland, citing historical precedents to show that former secessions of Liberal chiefs from the Liberal party had proved fruitless, and arguing therefrom that a like result might be looked for from the secession of Lord Hartington and the rest. Meantime, there can be no doubt that Liberal opposition to the Ministerial plans would be materially lessened next week were the Government to vigorously remould the Home Rule measure on the lines laid down by Mr. Chamberlain, particularly with regard to the retention of Irish members in the Westminster Parliament, and the due protection of Ulster.

Sir William Harcourt, doubtless because he secured certain good round votes in Committee of Supply on Monday, looked quite happy and beaming on Tuesday at the opening of the Exhibition. In the House on Tuesday afternoon, Mr. John Morley gave notice of a motion for the continuance of the Peace Preservation Act in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone significantly informed Sir Michael Hicks-Beach that the answer of Greece to the Collective Note of Europe had not been deemed "adequate or satisfactory." The longed-for count-out came early in the evening, after proxy conversations on the Tobacco Duties and the Opium Trade, Sir George Campbell's rising giving the welcome signal which released Speaker and members in time to see the illuminated grounds of the Exhibition.

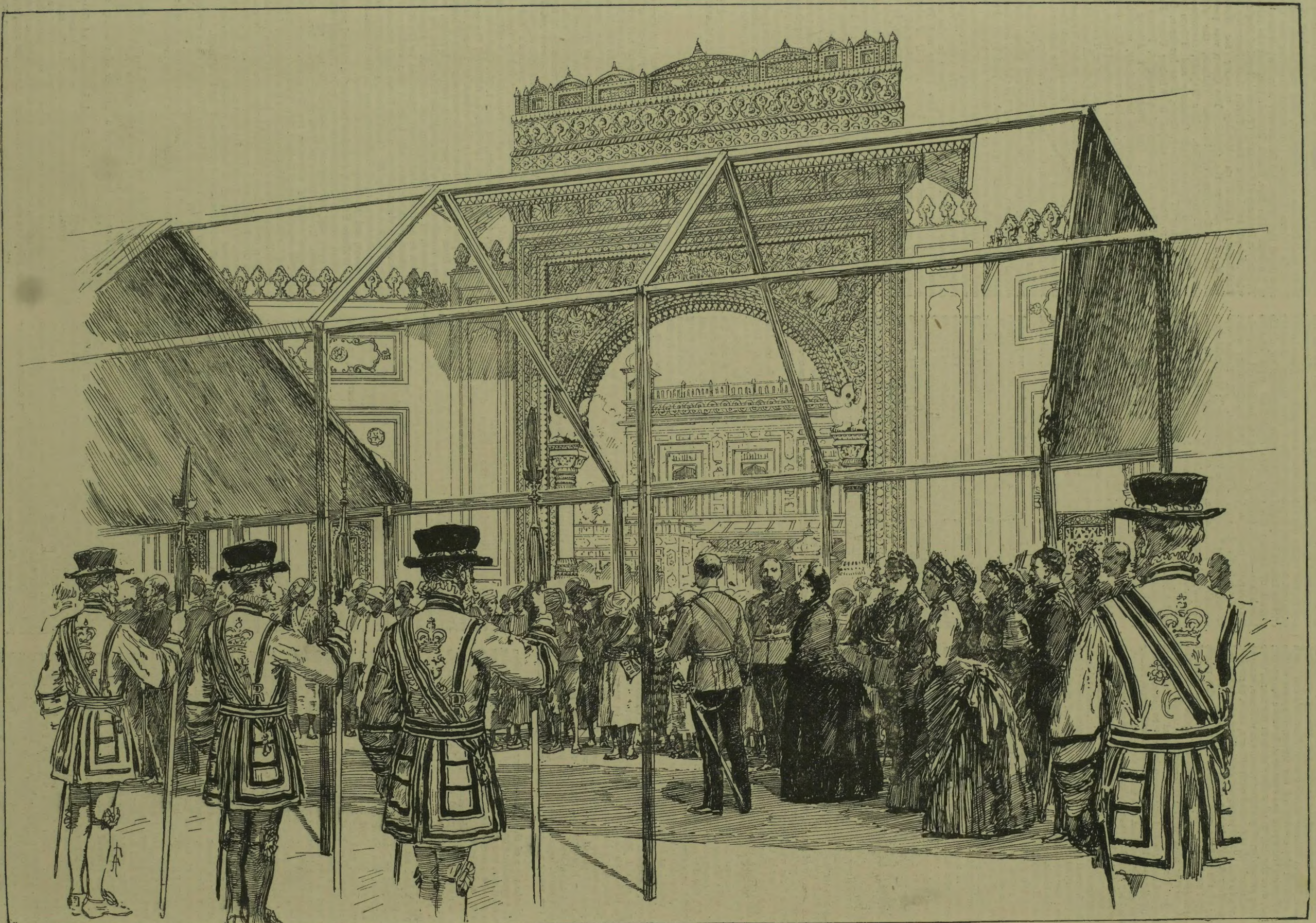
When the Lords reassembled on Thursday there was one vacant chair, which spoke eloquently of the loss the Upper House has sustained by the death, at a ripe old age, of the venerable Chairman of Committees, the Earl of Redesdale.

The Portrait of Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., on the front page of our Supplement, is from a photograph by Mr. Van der Weyde, of the "Van der Weyde Light," Regent-street. Mr. Seymour Lucas has been elected a member of the City of London Society of Artists.

The annual meeting of the Royal Institution of Great Britain was held last Saturday, Sir Frederick Bramwell, honorary secretary and vice-president, being in the chair. The annual report testified to the continued prosperity and efficient management of the institution. It was stated that the real and funded property amounts to above £85,000, entirely derived from the contributions and donations of the members.

The ancient custom of crowning the May Queen was publicly celebrated last Saturday at Knutsford, Cheshire, in presence of some thousands of spectators. The prettiest child in the village was selected for coronation. The route to the park where the ceremonial took place was packed with people, while the pretty little Queen was attended by her maids of honour and a brilliant retinue.





THE QUEEN OPENING THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: PROCESSION PASSING THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE INDIAN PALACE.





"THERE'S ROOM FOR TWO."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY F. MORGAN, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

## SECOND NOTICE.

Having briefly alluded to the general features and to some of the more striking pictures in the present exhibition, we will now pass rapidly through the rooms, noting only such works as seem to call for special remark.

Gallery No. I includes nothing better in the way of broad figure-painting than Mr. Luke Fildes' "Flower Girl" (61), and, although the motive is not altogether fresh, the girl and her flowers do not suffer from a like charge. Mr. Fildes, however, should avoid following the lead of the President in giving waxen faces to girls subjected to the stern discipline of a Venice climate. Mr. Stacy Marks' "Delicate Question" (29) is painted with all the artist's power of taking infinite pains, combined with a sense of humour, of which he seems to be the sole exponent (with the unconscious exception of Mr. Herbert) among the "Forty." The figures in Mr. Calderon's "Ruth and Naomi" are dignified and pathetic; but the strawberry-cream landscape is in every respect untrue to nature as well as art. In Mr. Briton Riviere's "Exile" (55) it is so difficult to detach one's eye from the faithful dog which attempts to console the exile as he wanders along the sandy flats of Dunkirk or Ostend; whilst in Mr. H. Wood's "Choosing a Summer-Gown" (66), a bright study of street-life in Venice, a different pitfall is dug for the unwary, whose eye is likely to be dazzled by the brilliant colours and accessories of the scene and to lose sight of the living characters. Mr. J. C. Dollman's "Quiet to Drive or Ride" (12) is a humorous rendering of a "deal" in a horse, in which the doubts of the purchaser and the assurance of the vendor are depicted with as much insight as Mr. John Leech could have shown in his best days, whilst the artistic finish of the work is of a far higher order. Mr. Fred. Morgan's "Good Night" (70) and Miss Marianne Stokes' "Childhood's Wonders" (23) are scarcely up to the level of previous years' works. The portraits in this room include Mr. Frank Holl's "Earl of Chichester" (28), very powerful and masterly in treatment, and Mr. Pettie's "Mr. Bailey Hawkins" (20), revealing almost too plainly the artist's method of obtaining solid effects by a trick which saves the need of careful painting. Brilliant and effective when looked at from a certain point, it will not bear close inspection, and in no particular displays the master hand. Far preferable, for honest work at least, is Mr. C. H. Macartney's portrait of "Mr. Rogers" (56), where simplicity and directness of purpose have helped the artist to produce a work of art. Mr. Pettie's other portrait in this room is that of "Mr. Newson Garrett" (72), the father of Mrs. Fawcett. Mr. Sargent's bold but somewhat harsh portrait of "Mrs. Robert Harrison" (78), in a white muslin dress and sort of doctor's scarlet hood, is conceived in the style of that French school of which M. Carolus Duran is the leader. The work is effective, and the likeness good, but one cannot help feeling that, in common with so many French artists, Mr. Sargent was thinking of himself first and of his sitter afterwards.

This room contains some excellent landscapes, although those by Mr. J. C. Hook, "Sea Daisies" (60) and "The Broken Oar" (65), offer but little variety from the work this distinguished Academician has contributed for so many years in succession; but we could wish that Mr. Colin Hunter, in his "Summer Fishing" (81), had paid more attention to Mr. Hook's method of giving transparency to his water under a bright line. Mr. F. Cotman's "At the Lock" (22) is almost a transcript of Constable's well-known work, with the substitution of leaden tones for the bright, crisp air of the original; but Mr. David Farquharson's "End of the Harvest" (22) shows that we have amongst us young men who can afford to be at once original and laborious. The problem of producing a group of labourers under the full blaze of a noonday sun has appalled many of our principal artists; and it is all the more praiseworthy of Mr. Farquharson to risk a fall than to be content with well-worn subjects and ideas. Mr. Alfred Parsons' "On Shannon Shore" (40) is a fine work, full of stillness and solemn feeling. The silvery river, winding down from the distant hills to the tangled mass of violets, bluebells, and bright gorse with which the foreground is ablaze, makes up one of the most successful landscapes of the exhibition. Scarcely less can be said in praise of Mr. Macartney's "Robin Hood's Bay" (3), which smells of the sea and of fresh air. The water is bright and lustrous, rolling in merrily under the bright sky, which is as transparent as Nature makes it, but as few artists represent it. Mr. J. L. Henry's "Pasture Land in Holland" (19) and "The Meuse at Dordrecht" (62), and Mr. Joseph Farquharson's "In Cairo" (41), deserve special attention as works far above the average level of merit, the last named showing a marked advance upon the artist's former work.

Gallery No. II. contains, among other pictures, Mr. F. Goodall's "Puritan and Cavalier" (87), portraits of his own and Mr. Sambourne's children playing a demure game of hide-and-seek. Mr. Pettie's "The Chieftain's Candlesticks" (97) is a bold attempt to render torchlight in a picture: two grim Highlanders, with drawn swords and uplifted torches, keeping guard over MacIvor's chair. Mr. Edwin Long's rendering of "Pharaoh's Daughter" (115) is only another grouping of the same figures which have done duty in so many of the artist's previous works. It is a pity that when drawing figures partly immersed in water Mr. Long should have forgotten the elementary experiment in refraction known to every school-boy, and demonstrated by means of a bit of wood and a tumbler of water. On either side of Mr. Long's weak and meaningless work are two noble landscapes—"The Estuary of the Thames" (103), by Mr. Charles Wyllie, and "Workaday England" (123), by Mr. W. L. Wyllie. The two brothers' work has much in common, especially in their treatment of the distance. Mr. Vincent Ygglesias' "Golden Common" (86) and Mr. Percy Belgrave's "Moorland and Cloudland" (90) are, in their respective styles, very excellent works; the latter especially distinguished by the masterly treatment of a low cloud-line, and the evening sky over the purple hills. Mr. Albert Kinsley (116) and Mr. Frank Walton (96) also send landscapes which will please many, especially the former; but both err on the side of over elaboration, leaving little or nothing to the imagination. Amongst the figures, Mr. H. M. Paget's portrait of "Canon Liddon" (85) is "skied" so unceremoniously that it is impossible to say more than that it is a faithful likeness; but of Mrs. Lea Merritt's portrait of "Mrs. Arkwright" (127), one can speak with more confidence. It is happily conceived and dexterously executed, but not equal to her "Little St. Cecilia" (134), which hangs close by. Mr. J. J. Shannon's portrait of "Miss Lillie Bowring" (151) displays taste and something more; and "The Miller's Little Maid" (128), by Mr. F. H. Parker, is a suggestion of French peasant life—a little girl sitting beside a stream, round which the warm grey landscape closes. Mr. Marcus Stone, who is next in succession for full membership, has never sent anything better than "A Peacemaker" (149), a garden scene, where a friend or sister is happily intervening to reconcile two lovers, of whom the man is half repentantly, half sullenly walking away, because the girl petulantly refuses to turn her head to bring him back to her side. The colouring of the landscape is delicately rendered, and its whole treatment shows power and feeling.

## "THERE'S ROOM FOR TWO."

It might be observed, in our Engraving of Mr. F. Morgan's pleasant picture, which is in the Royal Academy Exhibition, that there are "two" on the seat already—namely, the pretty girl and the pug-dog. But the latter is so diminutive a creature as not to take up any room worth speaking of. It would be otherwise, perhaps, if the invitation were accepted by her larger canine favourite, who is too well-bred and modest, in general, to think of sitting beside his young mistress. The eyes, however, both of the spaniel and of the artless maiden are turned in a direction to the left of the picture; where we fancy a young gentleman stands, in an admiring though dubious attitude, not unwilling to avail himself of the frank offer probably addressed by her to him. He, too, is youthful—a schoolboy hardly yet at ease with ladies of his own age; for it has often been noticed that these young fellows seem more at home in the society of mature and accomplished persons of the opposite sex, of matrons and single ladies who have seen a little of the world. But as we do not see his face or figure, it is little use to speculate on his disposition. His basket and fishing-rod show his present employment. The girl, indeed, is a charming little person; and is likely, in a few years, to have many older admirers, who would be glad of the privilege of talking with her, and even of fondling—her dogs; here on the bench in this beautiful park, where the graceful water-flowers spring up from the banks of the placid lake, and the grassy avenues, with trees in fresh summer foliage, open to delightful rambles in the background of the fair sylvan scene.

## DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

Amidst the political controversies of the day upon Mr. Gladstone's Irish Government and Irish Land Purchase schemes, the starving islanders off the coasts of Galway and Mayo are in danger of being forgotten. The Arran Islands are outside Galway Bay, lying about midway between the Galway coast and that of the county of Clare. Our Special Artist, Mr. Claude Byrne, accompanied Mr. T. F. Brady, her Majesty's Inspector of Fisheries, in going to the assistance of the islanders. There had been no Government grant of money; but a fund had been raised by the officers and men of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and by private persons, amounting to £1000 on March 25, when Mr. Brady, with ninety tons of potatoes for seed, was at Galway preparing to embark. He had ordered 160 tons more for the same purpose; but, as there were five hundred families in the Arran Isles on the point of actual starvation, it was feared that they would be driven to eat the seed potatoes given them. He estimated that to keep the people alive for the next three months a stone of potatoes per day, or its equivalent in oatmeal, must be given to each of the five hundred families in distress. To do this would require about one hundred tons of potatoes per month, and, as they cost about £4 a ton delivered in Arran, £1200 (or £400 per month) is still needed to support the poverty-stricken inhabitants of the islands over the period of distress still before them. This, be it noted, is exclusive of the 160 tons of seed potatoes still needed to save the people from another famine next year, and of the cost of the fuel and clothing which they also need. These figures given by Mr. Brady—than whom no one is more conversant with the condition of the people, and whom no one will suspect of a tendency to exaggerate matters—will, we trust, induce the benevolent to contribute largely and at once to relieve the people of Arran from their existing troubles, and save them next year from a repetition of the horrors of starvation and sickness, which have fallen so heavily upon them this season. It appears that Arran has been very much neglected up to this time; and that since the statement of Mr. Morley in the House of Commons that food and seed would be supplied to the inhabitants of the western island, not an ounce of either had been sent to Arran, except what has been obtained through the agency of the private donations received by Father O'Donohoe and the Rev. Mr. Kilbride, the Protestant Rector of the parish. The Government had not, indeed, given one farthing towards the relief of the distress; the assistance given by them was, as we have already remarked, limited to the lending of the gun-boat to bring from the mainland to the islands the relief contributed by private charity. The illustration of "warming the ground" is from Gweedore, in Donegal; the burning of heaps of turf between the potato-ridges is thought to promote speedy growth of the plants.

The annual assault-at-arms of the Athletic Club of the Honourable Artillery Company was held on Wednesday evening in their large drill-hall.

A fancy-dress international fair has been held this week at the Athenæum, Camden-road, on behalf of the North-West London Hospital, the only one in the district the specialty of which is the treatment of sick children.

At Glasgow last Saturday the Lord Provost, in the presence of the magistrates and Town Council, cut the first turf for the new reservoir, near the present one, seven miles from Glasgow. There will also be a second tunnel from Loch Katrine, the water being brought forty-five miles.

A beautifully painted six-light window has been placed in Winchester Cathedral, to the memory of the eminent Judge and Wykhamist, Sir W. Erle. It is from the well-known firm of Clayton and Bell, of Regent-street, London, and they have faithfully followed the style and colours of the many fragments of Wykham's glass yet to be seen in the windows.

Queens of the May and their trains must have had a pleasant time of it this year, if they "danced about the May-pole, and in the hazel-copse, Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-pots," and if the weather of the country resembled that of London, where, according to the affidavit of a voracious person, there was a frost on the night of the 1st inst.

Never before, surely, was there such an Easter week for the lovers of cricket and of horse-racing as that which began on the 25th ult. On Monday, the 26th, and Thursday, the 29th, in France, M. Michel Ephrussi's Gamin (son of Hermit), a candidate for the Grand Prix de Paris, distinguished himself by winning both the Poule d'Essai des Poulains (French Two Thousand) and the fourth Prix Triennial in grand style, at the meeting in the Bois de Boulogne; on Wednesday, the 28th, and Friday, the 30th, the Duke of Westminster's Ormonde and the Duke of Hamilton's Miss Jummy won, respectively, a most interesting Two Thousand and the first One Thousand; her owner has had placed to his credit, as well as the first her jockey has "brought off"; and on Monday, the 26th, for the first time on record, a "grand" cricket-match in Easter-tide was commenced, and, for the first time on record (it is said), two scores of over a "century" each, for two wickets, were made at the opening match of the season—one by a very "Abel" cricketer, and the other by a player with a damaged finger, the redoubtable leg-hitter, Mr. Townsend. In the same week, moreover, a majority of the Jockey Club succeeded in passing a proposition of which it is impossible to see any intelligible object beyond either the gratification of a petty spite or the irritation of our French neighbours.

## OBITUARY.

## THE EARL OF REDESDALE.

The Right Honourable John Thomas Freeman-Mitford, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., and F.S.A., Earl of Redesdale, and Baron Redesdale of Redesdale, Northumberland, Chairman of Committees, House of Lords, died on the 2nd ult. He was born Sept. 9, 1805, the only son of the Right Hon. John Mitford, a Speaker of the House of Commons, and subsequently Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who was raised to the Peerage in 1802, and of Lady Frances, his wife, daughter of the second Earl of Egmont. He was educated at Eton, and New College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1825, succeeded his father Jan. 16, 1830, and was raised to an earldom in 1877. In 1851, he was elected Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. As he was unmarried, his honours have become extinct. The family of Mitford, of Mitford Castle, in Northumberland, of which his Lordship was a scion, is one of the oldest in England.

## SIR WILLIAM R. ROBINSON.

Sir William Rose Robinson, K.C.S.I., late Madras Civil Service, died on the 27th ult., at 59, Norfolk-square, aged sixty-three. He was third son of the late Mr. William Rose Robinson, of Clemiston, Midlothian, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. James Douglas, of Orchardton, in the county of Kirkcudbright; was educated at Bonn, and Haileybury; entered the Madras Civil Service in 1842, and was for some years second member of the Board of Revenue of Madras. In 1873 he became a member of Council, and acted, at the death of Lord Hobart, as Governor of the Presidency in 1875. He was made a Companion of the Star of India in 1866, and K.C.S.I. in 1876. He married, in 1851, Julia, daughter of Mr. Samuel Thomas, Madras Civil Service.

## HON. LIONEL TENNYSON.

The Hon. Lionel Tennyson, second son of Lord Tennyson, died on the 20th ult. He was born, March 16, 1854, and educated at Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He married, in 1878, Eleanor, daughter of Mr. Frederick Locker Lampson, by Lady Charlotte, his wife, daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin, and leaves three sons.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Richard Harris Dalton Barham, the last surviving son of the Rev. Canon Barham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," on the 28th ult., in his seventy-first year.

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton (Octavia Laura Mary), fifth daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., on the 24th ult., at 4, Upper Brook-street. Her marriage took place last May.

Mr. Michael Hughes, J.P., of Sherdley House, Lancashire, a descendant of a junior branch of the ancient Cambrian family, of which Mr. Hughes of Kinmel is the representative, on the 24th ult., at 41, Grosvenor-place.

The Rev. Shovell Brereton, of Briningham, Norfolk, M.A., on the 21st ult., in his ninety-second year; he was ordained in 1818; and was Chaplain at Rome in 1827, and at Versailles in 1831. In 1861 he became Rector of Briningham.

Mr. William Long, M.A., F.S.A., of West Hay, Wington, Somerset, J.P., on the 14th ult., at 2, Onslow-gardens. He was second son of the late Mr. Walter Long, of Preshaw, Hants, by Lady Mary Carnegie, his wife, daughter of the seventh Earl of Northesk.

Colonel Horatio Walpole, late of the 39th Regiment, youngest son of the late Hon. Robert Walpole, for many years H.B.M. Minister Plenipotentiary at Lisbon, and grand-nephew of Sir Robert Walpole, K.G., on the 16th ult., at Brussels, in his eighty-seventh year.

Lady Wells, who died at Golder's Hill, Hampstead, on April 20, was not, as stated in our issue of last week, the widow of Sir Mordaunt Wells. She was the wife of Sir Spencer Wells, Bart., President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and Surgeon of her Majesty's Household, who was created a Baronet in acknowledgment of the distinguished services rendered by him to his profession and to humanity.

Dr. Evory Kennedy, of Belgard Castle, in the county of Dublin, J.P., President of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland, 1854 to 1861, at his London residence, 20, Queensberry-place. This distinguished physician was long one of the leading practitioners of Dublin. He married Alma, daughter of the Rev. Richard Hamilton, and leaves an only surviving son and several daughters, of whom one is wife of Sir George Young, Bart., and another is wife of the Very Rev. Dean Dickenson, of the Chapel Royal, Dublin.

Professor T. Theodores, of Owen's College, in the Victoria University of Manchester, Professor of Oriental Languages, of Hebrew and German Literature, died on the 27th ult., at the age of seventy-eight. He was personally much esteemed in Manchester, where he had resided during most of his life, having quitted Prussia, his native country, in early youth. His attainments as a linguist and philologist were extraordinary; and the Jewish community, in which he held office, set a high value on his judgment and learning in their religion.

Mr. Richard Norman, second son of Mr. Richard Norman and the Lady Elizabeth Norman, of Melton Mowbray, recently, at his residence, Craig-yr-Halen aged seventy-eight. He was for many years in the 7th Royal Fusiliers; and, though never in war, he was distinguished for his knowledge of military science, and had called forth the praise of the Duke of Wellington by the manner in which he handled his company at a review. Mr. Norman's benevolence was extensive. He leaves a widow, the daughter of the late Colonel Henry Capel Sandys, Craig-yr-Halen, Anglesey.

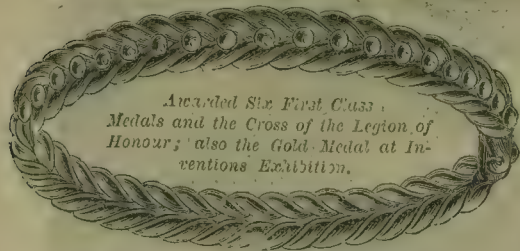
Sir Erskine May, on his elevation to the Peerage, will take the title of Baron Farnborough, in the county of Southampton.—The Queen has been pleased to approve of the appointment of Mr. Reginald Palgrave to succeed Sir Erskine May as Clerk of the House of Commons. Her Majesty has also approved of the appointment of Mr. Archibald Milman as Clerk Assistant, in the place of Mr. Palgrave; and of Mr. F. B. G. Jenkinson, an Assistant Clerk, as Second Clerk Assistant, in Mr. Milman's place.

The ancient city of Ripon (Yorkshire) is about to celebrate its millenary of civic life. The festival is arranged for August next; and, on the concluding two days of the festival, the Marquis of Ripon has kindly placed the grounds of Fountains Abbey at the disposal of the committee, who propose to enact "The Encounter between Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar" on the traditional spot near Fountains Abbey. The ballad affords matter for a pretty play, for which the committee are offering a premium, particulars of which will be found in our advertising columns.



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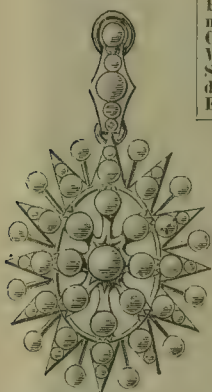
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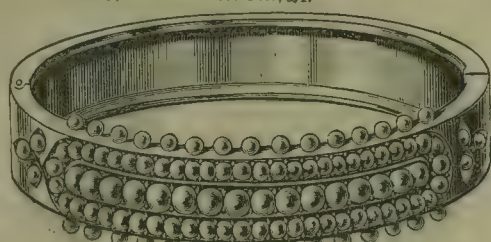
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THE ENTRANCE-HALL TO THE EXHIBITION.



## THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT EDINBURGH.

Visitors to Scotland this year will find an additional attraction in the International Exhibition of Industry, Science, and Art, open from May 6 to Oct. 30, in the ancient and historic capital of the country. While the exhibition is open to all nations, its most prominent part consists, naturally, of illustrations of the industrial, scientific, and artistic pursuits which occupy the energies of the Scottish people. Every kind of industry throughout the country is adequately represented, and many features of the social life and habits of Scotsmen in their own homes. The exhibition has the patronage, as well as the active support, of her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales. It was opened by Prince Albert Victor Edward of Wales on Thursday. Selections from the treasures in the Royal Palaces are included in the exhibition. Special arrangements have been made with various tourist agencies for the cheap conveyance of visitors to Scotland, and doubtless a large number of our countrymen will take advantage of this opportunity of visiting a country abounding in romantic scenery and full of historic associations. The exhibition grounds, which belong to the municipality, are in the "Meadows," between the New Royal Infirmary, Lauriston, and Bruntsfield Links. They extend to twenty-nine acres; the buildings cover about eight acres, and are divided into large courts illuminated by electric light. The buildings were designed, and their erection superintended, by Messrs. John Burnet and Son, architects, and by Mr. C. E. Lindsay, civil engineer, of Glasgow. The length of the central corridor alone is 750 feet. In consequence of the great demand for space the exhibition authorities have had greatly to increase the area for allotment. Four principal divisions have been made in the arrangement of exhibits, namely—General, Fine Art, Artisan, and Women's Industries. The first of these divisions includes the manufactures and natural products of all nations, but especially of Scotland, England, and Ireland. The Fine Art section comprises one of the most interesting collections of pictures, both home and foreign, ever brought together in Scotland. Several gentlemen visited the Continent with the view of securing selections from the works of foreign masters, and their efforts were crowned with signal success. The spacious galleries set apart for the collection enable the pictures to be shown to the utmost advantage as regards light and position. In connection with this section there is an Art Union (tickets, one shilling) in which the prize-winners will have a choice from among the pictures in the Exhibition, and, from the large number of tickets certain to be sold, the prizes will be both valuable and numerous. There are four hundred artisan exhibitors, and their exhibits display a marvellous amount of skill and ingenuity. The women's section is of extreme interest, and various industries will be found in operation. The machinery department is most extensive, and probably on no former occasion has such a varied and interesting collection of machines, both in motion and at rest, been on view. One of the specialties of the Exhibition is the arrangement made for the display of different systems of electric lighting. The contract is not in the hands of one firm, but is divided between half a dozen, so that the different systems now before the public can be seen in competition. Another specialty in connection with the Exhibition is the reproduction, in full size, of a series of Old Edinburgh houses, which form a very picturesque street; and the several floors have been turned to profitable use, being let as shops and workshops (for which there was a great demand),

where the workpeople and shop assistants will be found habited in the quaint and characteristic costumes of the fifteenth century. This Old Edinburgh Street, with its market cross, Nether Bow tower and spire, and facsimiles of the Chapel of the French Ambassador, the Oratory of Mary of Guise, Cardinal Beaton's House, the "Heart of Midlothian," or Old Tolbooth, the Mint, and other ancient buildings, is one of the chief attractions of the Exhibition.

### THE PARIS SALON.

From the fact that one of Jules Breton's pictures realised at the Morgan sale in New York, the other day, the astounding price of over £9000, French artists of reputation are inclined to augur happy things as to commercial prospects in art matters. May their hopes be fulfilled: but, while we write, there are no London dealers of any note in the art metropolis, and only one—viz., Mr. Knoedler—from New York. His countrymen are well represented on the walls of the Salon by such men as D. R. Knight, E. L. Weeks, John S. Sargent, and James Whistler; all that is wanted is that the millionaire section of their compatriots will crowd over, and refresh with a golden shower not only them but the art-gifted of all lands, whether at this moment known or unknown to fame.

Before entering the portals of the Salon, we may as well glance hastily at what is being done in the art way out of doors. Since we last communed with our readers on this subject, an excellent heroic statue has been erected in front of the north end of the Institute; and that of Gambetta, in the courtyard of the Tuileries, facing the gardens, is being rapidly proceeded with. Falguière's plaster cast of the grand triumphal group which has now for several years crowned the Arc de L'Etoile, by way of experiment—just as the Corporation of London have lately placed an equestrian statue on one of the pedestals of Blackfriars Bridge to see how it will look—is fast falling to pieces; but we are glad to think the authorities of Paris have wisely decided to have it cast in bronze. It is not given to mortals to know at what precise period in the future such happy consummation will occur; but hope is with us.

The works of the distinguished painter Paul Baudry, who died a few months ago, are being exhibited at the Ecole Nationale des Beaux Arts, and the proceeds go to the Artists' Association and towards the erection of a monument to his memory. An exhibition with a similar object—viz., the erection of a monument to Claude Lorraine—is being held in the large wooden building which stands within the river wing of the Tuileries. The works are by contemporary masters, and their object will be obtained by means of a lottery. Under the same roof is being held an important international exhibition of black and white.

The most interesting exhibition, however, of a minor kind is that now being held at the Goupil Gallery, in the Rue Chaptal. It is a collection of water-colour drawings, by Gustave Moreau, of rare excellence. They illustrate, in a most original manner, the fables of La Fontaine, and for delicacy, strength, and gem-like quality of colour remind us sometimes of Fortuny: there is nothing in the whole range of water-colour art to compare to them. When required, Moreau has all the weird invention of Doré, without any of his questionable drawing or harshness of colour. The Venetian richness of the former is so vividly suggested by the marvellous etching-needle of Bracquemond, who carried off the Grand Prize the other year, that the veritable pigments spring up as it were before one's eyes. Collectors will know how to appreciate such reproductions. And this reminds us that "Les

Lettres et les Arts," the most sumptuous and exhaustive of all art organs, teems this month with masterpieces from the Salon.

Another exhibition, which is exciting considerably interest, is that of the drawings, pictures, and designs of the late M. De Neuville. It is being held at the gallery of M. Petit, and its contents, by the time these lines reach our readers, will have been dispersed for the benefit of the artist's widow at the famous Paris sale-rooms. This reminds the writer of a rather uproarious incident in connection with De Neuville's work which took place at a brasserie a few months ago. The proprietor of this place, being of an enterprising turn of mind, thought it would be a remunerative idea to carry into wax-work reality an episode in the painter's famous Bazeilles picture. Accordingly, a side room giving on the main salon of the brasserie was fitted up and filled with the heroes of "Les Dernières Cartouches." One fires out at the window, another stands silent and sullen, hands in his pockets, his last shot having been already fired, while in the bed beside him in the little room lies his dead comrade. The grouping and details of the painter are carried out by the wax-work artist to the very letter, and although realised to the life, the effect is painful and disturbing in the extreme.

Turning, then, to the more agreeable subject of the Salon, we find that the works exhibited, including painting, sculpture, die-sinking, and all processes in black and white, reach 5416, exclusive of some half-score "Monuments Publics," which is about 400 more than last year. Since the French artists have had the management of their own affairs, which, of course, is as it ought to be, they have become, like all societies wherein the democratic element prevails, very arbitrary in their bearing towards the press, and in several other respects are lacking in that generosity which used to characterise the old régime.

In a general way, the exhibition may be said to be well up to the usual average; but, with the exception of the two great works in the Grand Salon Carré—which our travelled readers will remember is the entrance-room of the exhibition—there is no canvas particularly big, and at the same time particularly good.

On reaching the landing on the top of the staircase, one has one's steps arrested by the brilliant effect of southern sunlight on a steep sandy hill-side, down which some peasant girls are descending. We catch a glimpse of blue Mediterranean in the distance. The scene is in Provence, and from the fact that a wooden balustrade is fastened on to the picture it is, doubtless, intended as a staircase decoration.

And the work brings us before the largest decorative work ever seen in the Salon. It may be about 80 ft. long and 20 ft. in height, and it all but fills one entire side of the great square saloon. It is intended for the staircase of the Lyons Museum, and forms a triptych of great interest. The centre compartment shows a Herculean figure approaching a lovely nymph, allegorical of the meeting of the Rhone and the Saone, and symbolising Force and Grace. To the left is an "Antique Vision" of classic nymphs; variously engaged and grouped; and the compartment to the right, which the artist calls "Inspiration Chrétienne," shows Fra Angelico at work in presence of many admirers, lay and clerical. The artist, we need scarcely say, is Puvis De Chavannes, whom some critics will call an incorrect painter, but who, nevertheless, in right of his imagination, real judges will call a great one. All these subjects are suffused with that mystical grey tone of his which makes no hole in the architect's walls, and yet suits so admirably the quieting and soothing visions he calls up before the eyes of the willing beholders. Had he not already carried off the great prize of the Salon this work would undoubtedly have done it.

J. F. R.

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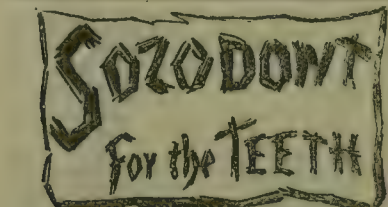
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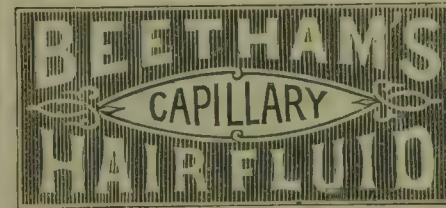
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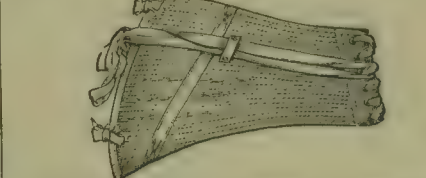
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## MR. SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.

Mr. Seymour Lucas, the newly-elected Associate, whose Portrait is given on this occasion, was born in 1851, and began life as a wood-engraver, working not merely as an amateur, but as one who aimed at finding in that branch his future livelihood. During the years of his apprenticeship, however, some sketches he had made attracted the attention of his uncle, Mr. John Lucas, who held a certain position as a portrait-painter—his portrait of the first Duke of Wellington being his most popular work. By this uncle's advice, Seymour Lucas gave up his evenings to study at the St. Martin's Government Schools, under the inspection of the Science and Art Department. After a short course of elementary instruction, and guided by another relative, Mr. J. Templeton Lucas, a painter of Irish *genre*, Seymour Lucas had made so much progress that his entrance as an Academy student could not be reasonably postponed. His progress at the Royal Academy was steady, but marked by no striking success—in fact, in those days the teaching there was somewhat casual and perfunctory. He carried off, however, the gold medal; and in 1870 his "Apothecary," from "Romeo and Juliet," was hung in the Royal Academy Exhibition, and from that date onwards no year passed without his being represented by some work of "historic *genre*," which almost invariably found a place on "the line." Amongst these may be noticed such works as "The King and the Cause," "Leicester and Elizabeth," "Charles Before Worcester," &c.; but the first work which really attracted general attention was "The Gordon Riots," which appeared at Burlington House in 1879, and was subsequently purchased for the Melbourne Fine-Arts Gallery. In the following year Mr. Seymour Lucas installed himself still more firmly by his well-known picture "The Armada in Sight," representing Drake playing his famous game of bowls on Plymouth Hard, when the news of the approach of the Spanish Fleet was brought. "We shall have time to finish the game and to beat the Spaniards after," said the English Admiral—and fully justified his proud boast. This thoroughly national work, with its two companion works by Sir Oswald Brierley, has been engraved, and the three pictures illustrative of one of the most stirring episodes of English history, are, thanks to the public spirit of the authors, now to be found in many hundreds of our elementary Board Schools. Mr. Seymour Lucas is pre-eminently a painter of "historic *genre*," of which in the last generation Mr. E. M. Ward, Mr. Elmore, and Mr. Cope were the chief exponents; but we think his technical power contrasts favourably with much of the work which, thirty years ago, we gratefully accepted from Royal Academicians of those days. Latterly, Mr. Lucas has been showing his power in the school of which Meissonier in France, and Sir J. D. Linton in this country, are the recognised masters—the single figure telling its own story. Of these, "The Smoker," a soldier lighting his pipe, and "A Topper," a Cavalier at the village inn, are already well known. "Old Cronies," in the present exhibition of the Royal Institute, of which an engraving lately appeared in our pages, is Mr. Seymour Lucas's latest contribution to this style of art, and the ease of pose, richness of colour, and correctness of drawing are not more conspicuous than its historic accuracy and unforced humour. Among his other important works should be mentioned last year's work, "After Sedgemoor," an episode of the Monmouth rebellion, and Colonel Kirke's "Lambs," and "After Culloden" (1884); a party of English soldiers searching for Jacobites—a picture which, the Royal Academy having purchased out of the Chantrey Bequest, has thus become almost national property. Mr. Seymour Lucas is married to Marie Cornillissen, a lady artist of some repute.

## THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Council of the Society have, as we think, very wisely determined to persevere in the path upon which they entered, evidently with some hesitation, twelve months ago. This year's Exhibition shows more strongly than ever that they are prepared to break with the traditions which for so long made



MR. J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.

the "British Artists," as represented in Suffolk-street, a by-word and a reproach. It may be urged that many of the works which find places on the walls are crude, exaggerated, or ill-executed; but few will deny that they do not comprise many pictures that are bold, original, and suggestive. The term "British Artists," moreover, has been interpreted with elasticity; but the public, at least, has no reason to complain that it now includes Americans with French or other Continental training. Conspicuous amongst these is Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, a pupil of M. Gérôme, who sends three very remarkable works, the "Portrait of a Friend" (249), in a blue jersey, finely painted and carefully finished; "Kissing Ring" (341), a group of girls on the sands, with a dull grey sea for horizon; and a pastel, "Land Pools" (641), where one half of the canvas is occupied by a sandy foreground and the other half variegated by patches of stagnant water. Mr. W. T. Dannat's training seems to have differed a little from that of his fellow-countryman, in that his master was Munkacsy; but his tastes are bounded within more conventional limits. His portrait of "M. C. Laplante" (91), in a light blue coat, is full of spirit and truthful simplicity, whilst his "Still Life" (505), a study of pears and tomatoes, is as carefully worked as if the artist was possessed of Dutch patience. Of Mr. Harper Pennington's five works, the portrait of "Mrs. Langtry" (209), as Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons," will probably attract most attention. It renders, without flattery, the graceful pose of the actress, whose simple costume of blue and white is delicately treated by an artist who, as in his portrait of a lady in yellow dress (115), shows he can emphasise his colouring when required. Mr. Harper Pennington's two pastels—"An Arab" (649), in a red dress, and

the study in brown and grey (731)—are both exquisite works, and, like those of his colleague Mr. Mortimer Menpes, show the attractions which this phase of old French art has for a certain modern school. It must not be forgotten that in measuring the success of this school in its various branches of oils, water colours, and pastel, justice requires us to admit the influence of Mr. Whistler. In the present exhibition he is represented by a single picture, "A Harmony in Blue and Gold" (298), in which it may be said that there is little blue and less gold. It is the not very elegant figure of a girl, slightly clad in a scanty robe, leaning against a balustrade, and holding over her head a huge stiff Japanese parasol, which occupies the centre of the canvas, like the dish on which Pantagruel was served by Gargantua. What the artist's aim may be in this "Harmony" it is difficult to guess—the figure is not a classical study; the drapery is not realistic; and the parasol is not imaginative; but we are assured that it is a "Harmony," and with this (Chelsea) assurance we must rest satisfied. Mr. Sidney Starr's street impressions, "Paddington" (354) and "Abbey-Road" (460); Mr. Burnett Nathan's "Little Blue Note" (376), and some of Mr. Hayllar's sketches, have felt the influence of Mr. Whistler's example as preceptor.

Amongst the artists by whom distinctness of outline is still cherished as an evidence of careful drawing, Mr. Yeend King shows very favourably in the present exhibition. In "The Rivals" (347), a somewhat lazy ne'er-do-well, who lies on the river-bank, and a hard-working reaper, with whom the farmer's daughter flirts by turn; as well as in "A Day in the Country" (626), Mr. Yeend King gives a healthy representation of outdoor life and open-air painting. In the more poetical rendering of Nature, Mr. W. C. Symons's "Looking Seawards" (63); "The Widow" (70), a woman on the lone seashore; Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Flowing Tide" (76); are evidences of the progress made by the painters in their several schools of art; and it is one of the chief features of these exhibitions that they permit the public to watch the steady rise of men who are destined to become distinguished in their profession. In addition to the works already mentioned, we should say a word of commendation with reference to Mr. W. L. Picknell's "Ploughing Deep while Others Sleep" (14); Mr. J. E. Gotch's powerful portrait of "Mr. Santley" (29), in a black velvet shooting-coat; the various phases and impressions of Venice, as given by Mr. C. W. Wyllie (64), Mr. Philip Walker (139), Mr. Frank Hind (369 and 391); and the carefully-finished and skilfully-composed works of Mr. Jacob Hood, "A Long-Shore Loafer" (113), a Devonshire fisherman, "The Siren" (475), a single figure, and the more ambitious "Romola listening to the Early Love Vows of Tito" (229). Mr. Francis Bate's "Hide-and-Seek" (119) is a trifle too green, even for a Hampshire marsh; but Mr. E. Grace's "Surrey Pond" (226) is a delicate appreciation of nature; as is Mr. James Peel's "Chapel Mill" (307), a scene in Borrowdale; and Mr. J. Smart's sterner picture of "A Gathering Storm" (346); and Mr. Peter Macnab's "Waiting" (398), a group on the river bank awaiting the return of the ferry. We also recommend to special notice Mr. Haynes King's "Quiet Cup of Tea" (256), Mr. Trood's "Rejected Addresses" (251), a scene of cat and dog life; Mr. A. Ludovici, jun.'s "Favourite" (314), and the same artist's "Cosy Nook" (378); Mr. A. C. Dodd's "Full Cry" (414), Mr. W. A. Howgate's "Sunlit Cumuli" (409), Mr. Trevor Haddon's "Berkshire Meadows" (424), and Mr. Wyke Bayliss's "Interior of St. Etienne" (393).

Among the pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition of which illustrations are presented in this Supplement, it should be mentioned that Mr. Marcus Stone's work, "A Peacemaker," is copied for us by permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas, of Bond-street, proprietor of the copyright, who intends to reproduce this picture in an engraving of an important size; and likewise that Mr. Waller's picture, "The Lady of the Lake," is the property of Mr. I. P. Mendoza, of St. James's Gallery, King-street, who will reproduce it as an engraving.

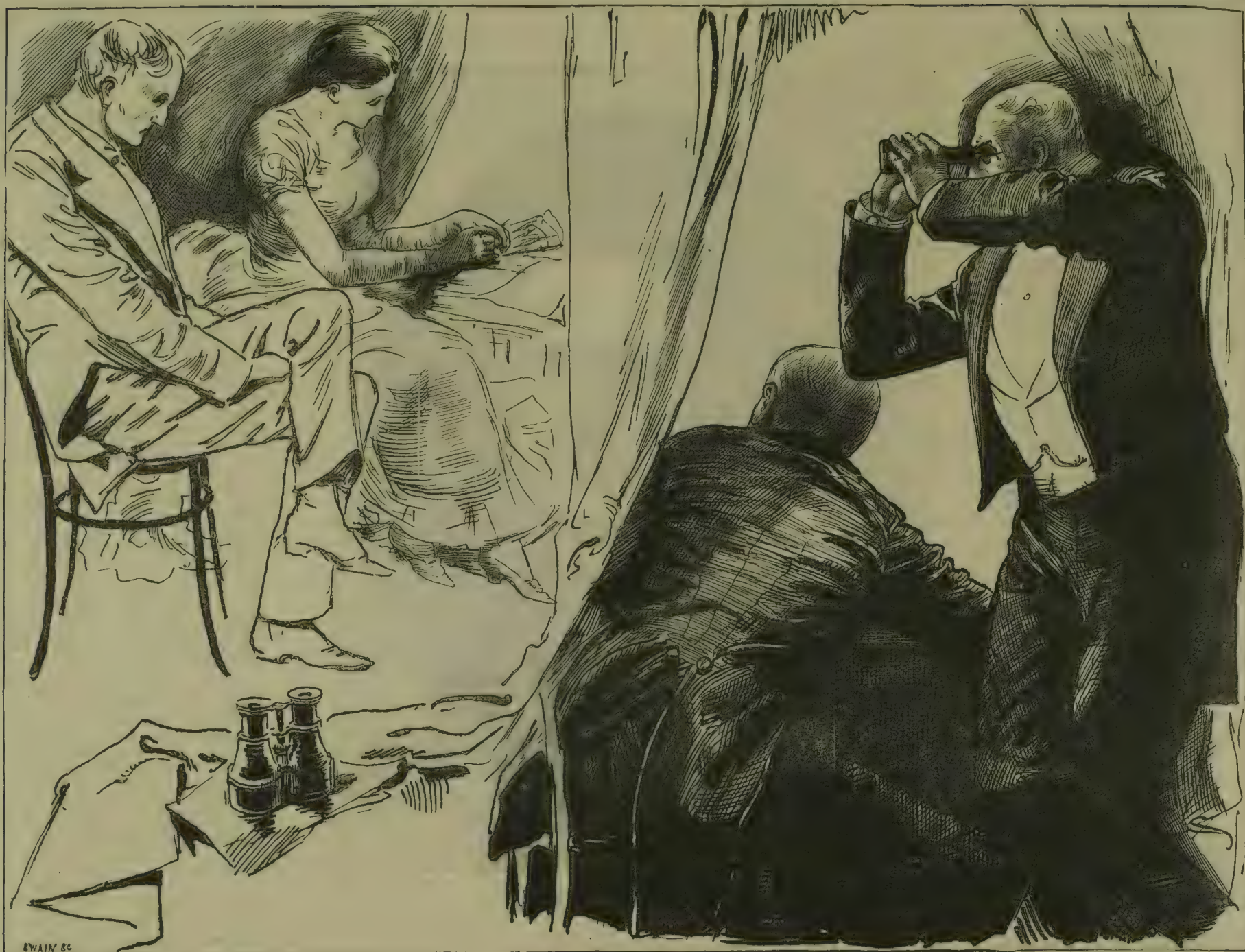


THE EXILE, 1746.—BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.



CROMWELL AT DUNBAR.—A. C. GOW, A.R.A.





DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

She would, perhaps, have failed to recognise him as Mr. Winthrop, but for his companion, who held the glass, and was pointing it at her with insolent persistence.

## THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGERD," "THE CANON'S WARD," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### "OPINIONS IN STORIES."

No article in a review, however striking, is a nine-days' wonder; and "The Public Good" would, without doubt, have gone the way of all similar contributions in a week, at farthest, but for a strange rumour that began to follow wherever its reputation penetrated, like an echo. It was said that it was written by a woman. Considering the nature of the article in question, this circumstance, if true, was certainly—as the world agreed—remarkable. How the report originated was doubtful; perhaps the opinion that Mr. Herbert, the great critic, had expressed respecting the first paper, by the same author, was, by mistake, transferred to the second; or, perhaps, the critic himself professed to find in the second paper the corroboration of his previous view. But, within a very few days of the appearance of the number of the *Millennium* in question, it was announced in a society journal that Mr. John Javelin was a lady; whereupon arose a considerable controversy. Some asserted—on the most irreproachable, though necessarily circumstantial, evidence—the writer to be a man; others insisted that this or that particular literary touch could only have been given by a woman; and some, indignant with a problem that they could not solve, and expressing themselves in what they confidently believed to be epigram, affirmed that whether man or woman, one thing at least was certain—the writer was neither gentleman nor lady.

Mr. Argand declared that a misery of which he had never dreamed was added to his unhappy lot as an editor. Letters arrived by every post, from the "dear Duchess" who dabbles in literature up to the most established names in poetry and fiction, all beseeching him, if the name of his contributor was to be a mystery, at least to tell them, in the strictest confidence, "yes" or "no" as to the sex. They even sent him a stamped envelope for a reply. "Thanks to you, my dear Miss Dart," he said, "I have actually found out a new way of making enemies. As to revealing the matter to any one of these applicants, it would, indeed, have been to make it public at once." "You know I can keep a secret, my dear Mr. Argand," wrote one impassioned lady—a somewhat compromising assurance, to which he prudently rejoined, "I hope I can keep one, too." The feelings of Miss Dart, who was all for secrecy, had to be consulted; and, moreover, his own advantage obviously lay in the same direction. The edition of the *Millennium* in which "The Public Good" appeared was devoured within three days; and another, and another was called for. The article was quoted in "the House," with cheers and—even better—with hisses. It was said that a famous writer in the *Quarterly*, forgetful of etiquette and the politeness due to a rival, had sworn to demolish it in the April number. It was the topic of conversation at every table where literature had any attraction at all. At that of Mr. Argand's, a certain reticence upon the subject was naturally observed;

but it was often alluded to. To have her opinion asked upon her own production was, at first, a little embarrassing to Lizzie; but she soon got used to it, and it tickled her sense of humour. No one imagined it to be within the limits of possibility that a young lady of her appearance and demeanour could have taken Society by the throat in so vigorous a manner.

Lizzie could talk charmingly and brightly enough, but it was her rôle to be a listener—to observe, and not to comment. Nothing, however, escaped her notice. What delighted her most was when some man of intelligence would amuse himself by "drawing her out" into some region of thought far, as he imagined, beyond her depth; or endeavoured to dazzle her with his intellectual coruscations. He gave her, indeed, as he flattered himself, much more than he received; but he little knew it was only in the form of "material." While appearing to be out of her depth, she was, in reality, but treading water or plumbing his own shallows. Modest as was her opinion of herself, it was difficult not to feel a certain consciousness of superiority born of involuntary comparison. The person of whom she learned most was, however, undoubtedly Mr. Argand; whose mind was, to some extent, the complement of her own, and whose unlikeness fitted hers to a nicety. Not a word did he speak to her, since his visit on the occasion that has been described, respecting his own affairs; but on other matters she had learned to talk with him with entire unreserve. He paid her the compliment, seldom vouchsafed by man to woman, to converse on speculative and spiritual subjects—"Fate, Free-will, Fore-knowledge absolute." Complete friendship cannot exist between men without the exchange of this sort of confidence: it is not necessary that there should be an agreement, but there must be some confession of faith, or of the absence of faith. Between women, such speculations are scarcely ever entertained; and between men and women, as has been said, but rarely: when they are so, however, they form a very strong bond of sympathy. Never before had Elizabeth Dart met with a fellow-creature to whom it had been possible to confide those thoughts on Being and *not* Being—those weak solutions of "the riddle of the painful Earth" which intrude dimly, once and again, on most minds; but which with others are far more urgent and importunate. It is seldom, indeed, anything of a practical nature comes of it; but in this case something did come. Miss Dart conceived the idea of recording her spiritual and philosophical views of mankind after an entirely novel fashion. It was neither essay nor allegory, and still less was it one of those exhaustive treatises which leave the opinion of nineteen-twentieths of the human race out of the question as valueless, just as the clergyman excused himself for neglecting his care of souls upon the ground that they were not worth saving. In this remarkable production, the creed of ordinary folk for the first time found expression. She called it "Opinions in Stories," a somewhat fanciful title, which, after some discussion with her editor, was, however, adopted.

The scheme of it was simple enough: an ordinary dwelling-house was, as it were, the stage on which this drama of speculation was enacted. There was first the dining-room, in which that sort of desultory talk took place between the men over the walnuts and the wine which sometimes occurs when the topic of the Future is introduced. There was the smoking-room, where the tongue, even on the most sacred subjects, grows more free and

audacious; and there was the drawing-room, where men and women together—the same topic being retained—discoursed, as it were, on tip-toe, and not without reference to the clergyman of the parish. It was well for Miss Dart that she had taken her editor into her confidence, since, without his assistance in the matter, her representation of affairs would, notwithstanding her great powers of intuition, have been necessarily incomplete: even as it was, they amazed him. A hint dropped here and there into her ear had given her the key to systems of thought which she had reproduced in their entirety, just as the professor of natural history evolved his whole animal from a thigh-bone; nor was humour wanting to give naturalness to discussion, and remove it from the atmosphere of mere theology. At Mr. Argand's suggestion, she greatly enlarged her original plan. The servants' hall, and even the kitchen, were included in it, with John Thomas's view "of another place," and Mary Jane's idea of "bettering herself" in a future sphere. But what, above all things, enhanced the attraction of this really unique production, was the pathos and beauty of that part of it entitled "The Sick Chamber," where, by the pillow of the Dear and Dying, the about-to-be-left-desolate finds himself face to face with a Question that has, hitherto, only presented itself to him as a subject for cynical or humorous speculation.

"I know nothing like this in the language," was Mr. Argand's observation, when she read to him, in the back drawing-room in Harewood-square, which was always the scene of collaboration, that portion of her MS. She laughed at his enthusiasm, though it brought a flush of pleasure to her cheek. "You may laugh, my dear Miss Dart," he answered, gravely; "but, the fact is, it is too good for the *Millennium*," an observation which—as she afterwards ventured to tell him—seemed to throw his first eulogium, high as it was, completely into the shade. What he meant was that he had scruples about putting into his own columns that which he honestly believed would, if published separately, achieve for her a reputation. Miss Dart knew how to appreciate such generosity without taking advantage of it. She had, indeed, designed her contribution especially for Mr. Argand's review, with a mischievous intent (for which perhaps she would have been ashamed had not the Great Wizard of the North, in somewhat similar circumstances, set her the example) of still further mystifying its readers as to her own identity. For "Opinions in Stories" looked as little likely to have come from a woman's hand as a contribution well could do; while Mr. Argand's touches, or rather his suggestions—for every line of it was her own—seemed to put the matter beyond all question.

It was impossible that editor and contributor should thus lay their heads together without being brought into close contact, and seeing much more of one another than heretofore. Yet their personal relations remained unchanged. Mr. Argand's admiration for the genius of his protégée, as it developed before his eyes, was without disguise. His praises, which though generous, had hitherto been expressed with judiciousness and caution, now knew no stint. He was no longer the master; indeed, that he had never been, for he had always recognised attainments in her that were beyond his teaching: he was no longer the Mentor to her Telemachus; he was scarcely even the commentator of her work, but confined himself to such literary services as are hinted at in foot-notes



by the syllable "sugg" in italics. But with all his appreciation and approval of her, and his obvious interest in her productions, there was no increase of warmth in his manner; on the contrary, despite his kindness, which was unceasing and which displayed itself in a hundred ways, his tone was at times so cold—as it seemed to her, so studiously cold—that she almost feared she had offended him.

Her relations with Miss Argand had, on the other hand, improved, or at least that lady had become, of late, more gracious to her, and on one occasion Lizzie had ventured to ask her whether Mr. Argand was out of health.

"Why do you ask?" was the quick rejoinder, accompanied by a glance which seemed to search her very soul.

"Only that I have fancied that he has seemed depressed—and overworked."

"Such a clever young woman as you should know that work never hurt anybody," returned Miss Argand, dryly. Then, perceiving that her speech had given pain, she added, more gently, "My brother is a little worried just now; you must not take any notice of it."

As Miss Dart looked up in the elder lady's face, she saw the tears in her eyes; and instantly her own were filled with sympathetic dew.

"I am very, very sorry," she murmured, timidly.

"I am sure you are—there, there—don't let's talk about it."

All the arts of diplomacy directed towards an *entente cordiale* fade into insignificance beside one involuntary touch of nature; and from that moment the two women understood one another. Though Lizzie's fears were thus corroborated, as respected the state of Mr. Argand's affairs, it was a comfort to her to be assured that there were no other reasons for his depression. To a true woman's mind, "money troubles" have never the importance that they assume with men. "What matters, if you have but health and strength, my son?" says the mother, consolingly. "What matters, so long as we are still together, my darling?" smiles the loving wife.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### A CHANCE MEETING.

One morning Miss Dart received a note from Mr. Argand written at the office of his review. It was his wont to keep his business and his social affairs as distinct and separate as his correspondents would permit him to do. In Harewood-square, unless they were in the back drawing-room together, which he playfully termed the "shop," he never spoke to Lizzie of his literary plans, while from his place of business he never wrote except on subjects connected with publication. It was his theory that a man should leave all thoughts of his daily work along with its toils in his office, and never permit them to intrude upon his leisure or pleasure.

"You will, no doubt, expect from the address upon my note-paper," he began, "that I have got something to say to you as respects your forthcoming article; even that would have a very considerable flavour of self about it, but as it happens my pen is dipped in self—*pur sang*, the very blackest fluid. A manuscript has been received here concerning which I am in want of another opinion, and there is no one to whom I look with greater confidence for it than yourself. It is a novel—of which class of literature I see a great deal more than enough. It is in type-writing. I do not say that I should not otherwise have looked at it, but the circumstance, no doubt, attracted me to it. I took it up after luncheon over a cigar, and I only just lay it down, half-read, at six p.m. This fact, of course, is worth many columns of criticism, and under ordinary circumstances I should not mistrust the impression it implies; but I have not been quite myself of late. The doctor tells me my 'nervous centres are disorganised,' which is, I suppose, a euphemism for the liver being out of order; at all events, when one is nervous I have noticed that both one's approval and disapproval upon literary matters are apt to be exaggerated. To confess the honest truth, I cannot trust myself to say what I think just now of this novel: perhaps to-morrow I may take, like the French gentleman, with his 'superbe—magnifique—pretty vell,' a much less rapturous view. I am taking the thing home with me, to finish it to-night, I trust—and it will be left with you in the morning. Read it carefully—don't hurry over it as I have done—and then let me know your opinion. The author, for I am sure it is a man, gives only his initials and an address at a post-office; but the communication which accompanies his contributions is characteristic enough:—

"Dear Sir,—I forward you a novel entitled 'The Usher.' I offer you the use of it, that is, its serial right in the *Millennium*, for £200. It is worth that at least to you, or it will be worth nothing; in the latter case be so good as to return it to me, registered, for which purpose I inclose the necessary stamps. Address, M. M., Post-office, Euston-street."

"Short and sweet, is it not? though there is not much light with the sweetness. Who can it be? It is no writer one knows, I'm certain, but quite a new hand. For one second it struck me that it might be your young friend Matthew Meyrick; but there is nothing but the similarity of the initial to suggest such a thing. The real Simon Pure, whoever he is, knows the world well, and has had, I should say, no very pleasant experience of it. However, I am forgetting that you have not been introduced to M. M., or rather to his MS., which will arrive by hand (for safety's sake) very soon after this note. I am very impatient for your opinion." Then came a postscript which made Lizzie smile. "I think that no time should be lost in sending 'The Usher' to the printers. If the first chapters could appear side by side with your own admirable article, we are pretty certain to have a double-barrelled success in the next number. What do you say?"

It was clear to Miss Dart that whatever she said would, under these circumstances, have but little effect upon the fate of the MS. in question; but, nevertheless, she gave her best attention to it. To speak of "The Usher" here would be superfluous; the time is past for criticising a work about which the public has long made up its mind. The only interest that the matter could now possess would be in the impressions that a book so well known to the world conveyed to the mind of a reader on its first appearance. Let it suffice to say that Lizzie, though not insensible to its merits, was unable to accord the measureless approbation that was expected of her. She acknowledged that the novel was original; she was even tempted in some places to think very highly of it; but on the whole, with Mr. Argand's eulogy ringing in her ears, it disappointed her. The story of the despised drudge who develops such talents as a painter, and in his immense prosperity awards good and evil, like a small providence, to the companions of his youth, reminded her of Monte Cristo, and suffered by the comparison. The characters were lifelike enough, she confessed, but too photographic; they lacked shade. The satire seemed not only bitter but personal; some of the portraits, indeed, only fell short of caricature because there was so little good nature about them; they resembled lampoons. These opinions, with some pruning, she set down in writing, and sent to Mr. Argand. "A thousand thanks," he wrote back by return of post; "I could not have thought that any

criticism could have given me so much pleasure. From the manner in which you have always received my advice, I had begun to think you too 'nobly planned'—a contributor too pure and good for an editor's daily, or even quarterly food. Now, I perceive that you are human, after all. Your grudging appreciation of 'The Usher' betrays the sex of Mr. John Javelin. It is also her excuse. My dear Miss Dart, you are jealous."

It was plain that she had made him angry; nor can it be denied that he had some reason to be so. The manager of an operatic company who has discovered a novice with a voice is naturally outraged when his judgment on so delicate a matter is impugned; and when the objection comes from a lady who is herself a professional singer, the explanation of it is only too obvious. The matter, in fact, which only moved Lizzie to mirth, disturbed Mr. Argand for four-and-twenty hours—until he saw her. Then they had it out together in a manner entirely satisfactory to him—that is to say, he got everything his own way.

"You allow," he said, "that there is a certain rough vigour about the story?"

She nodded.

"And you admit that it is original?"

She hesitated, but at last consented with another nod.

"And, at all events, there is no doubt, if one is to admit fiction into the *Millennium* at all, that here is an opportunity?"

"Of that, of course, Mr. Argand, you are the best judge."

"Very good!" he exclaimed, complacently. "I was convinced that, upon reflection, you would come over to my opinion."

The incident is narrated, not only as affording an excellent example of how to conduct an argument and bring it to a satisfactory conclusion, but because it will afterwards be reverted to.

In the meantime, however, other events took place which put literary affairs out of Lizzie's head. The long-expected letter announcing Mrs. Melburn's death arrived from Casterton. Mrs. Meyrick, Matthew wrote, had been summoned to Burrow Hall, and would presently bring Mary back to the Look-out, probably to stay there an indefinite time. There had been troubles at the Hall of other kinds—some dispute between the Squire and Jefferson, who had sold out of the Army, and had been living at home—about money matters. It was rumoured that Mr. Melburn's affairs were seriously involved. The idea of Mary's coming to Casterton for good was, of course, inexpressibly welcome to the writer; but there was an air of melancholy throughout his letter quite apart from the tidings it conveyed, for which, indeed, everyone had been long prepared, and that seemed to speak of failing health. "If you can tear yourself away from your beloved London, when the summer weather comes on, it would be a charity to come and see us," he wrote. "We are, as usual here, in a state of stagnation, only dear old Roger is greatly excited by the circumstance of Battle Hill being offered for sale. What horrifies him even more than the fact itself, is that it is recommended in the advertisement as an excellent site for building purposes. He already sees, in imagination, a row of villa residences, spick and span, erected over the bones of the Danish host, and their ill-gotten treasures thereby put further out of reach than ever; it is with difficulty that the dear old gentleman can be restrained from selling his all, and placing the proceeds in this very unproductive investment. The whole thing is offered at what certainly seems a cheap price, but, unfortunately, not for a song, or you would have to congratulate me upon being a landed proprietor. Nothing would give me greater pleasure—or let us say few things"—(for Lizzie there was a pathos in this reservation) "than to give old Roger Leyden the title-deeds of Battle Hill upon his next birthday: on the other hand, it is to be feared that he would at once set to work with pick and spade, and ruin himself in a fortnight. How nice it would be, if somebody of taste, who admired our little town, and who is making quite a fortune, as we hear, by literature, in London, would come down and buy the Hill. This could be done for two or three hundred pounds; a charming little cottage could be built upon it for as much again, to which she would bring her excellent aunt, and, with the help of some appreciative neighbours, they would live happy ever afterwards. Alas! my dear Miss Dart, this is but a dream, I know. Such good fortune is not to be expected out of fairyland. Let us hope that the sleep with which our little life is rounded may have such dreams."

This letter not only filled its recipient with sad thoughts on Mary Melburn's account, but on that of the writer. She was moved to go down to Casterton, and comfort—so far as it lay in her power to do so—that unhappy pair. It also increased in her the yearning she had long entertained to revisit that dear old town by the sea, where she had first looked real happiness in the face. Perhaps in the summer, if matters went as well with her as they promised to do, this would be possible. How delightful it would be, to exchange the heat and dust and noise of the town for the fresh breezes of quiet Casterton! How charmed Aunt Jane would be with it! Dreadful as Mary's loss must for the present appear to her, she would have a far happier life with Mrs. Meyrick than she had ever had at home, if only Matthew was spared to them—a momentous "if," indeed; for as to any complete hope of recovery, that seemed further off from the poor lad than ever.

Lizzie sat down and wrote a long letter of condolence to Mary, full of genuine love and sympathy, but not with the complete naturalness she would have wished. She respected Mrs. Melburn's character, and intensely pitied her; but her heart had never been attracted to her as it had been towards her daughter.

She had been one of those women who live and suffer for their own belongings only; the tendrils of whose sympathy cling to what is immediately near them, but do not extend beyond it. Nevertheless, Miss Dart was heavy at heart because of her. She felt very disinclined for society, and much regretted that Mrs. Richter and herself had promised to accompany Mr. Argand and his sister to the opera that evening; but a box had been placed at his disposal, a circumstance which did not often occur, and she knew that her absence would greatly disappoint him. How often it happens that we attend scenes of gaiety from reasons altogether disconnected with their attractions, though our presence is always taken as a sign of lightheartedness. There is a certain eloquent divine of the English Church against whom it is cast up to this day that he used to play cards at college on a Sunday. The statement is true; but, so far as it implies an accusation, absurdly false. Grave, even in his adolescence, he disliked all games, and abstained from them; but one of his friends fell ill, and, to ease his pain, would often play at cribbage. On week-days he had plenty of companions to play with him; but on Sundays he found it difficult to find one; whereupon, the embryo divine volunteered to be his playmate: an act of self-sacrifice that has cost him more than he was aware of at the time, or that, being a man of sense, he had thought possible; but which, nevertheless, he has never regretted. If the eye of observation scans the rows of a crowded theatre, it is not difficult to discover those who have come to be amused from that large minority who have no such object in view, and who find themselves there from force of circumstances: there are as grave faces to be found in boxes as in pews; unmoved

by what is going on upon the mimic stage, they are rapt in some drama of real life which is being enacted within them, and only when "waked with silence," as the curtain falls, do they become conscious of their surroundings.

It was in this uncongenial frame of mind that Lizzie found herself seated by Mr. Argand that evening at the opera. He addressed her more than once, but it was with difficulty that she compelled her attention to what he said. Her eyes rarely sought the stage, but wandered over the house, the comparative monotony of which allowed her thoughts more freedom; the loud notes of the singers reached her ears, but penetrated no further; the doorways of her brain were closed to them. Her thoughts were now in the chamber of death at Burrow Hall, now upon the windy downs it looked upon, and now on the summit of Battle Hill, with the far-stretching marsh and endless sea beneath her. Amid these scenes only a small portion of her life had been spent, yet its chief events had lain there. Her greatest happiness had come to her there, and also her greatest misery; the shock of it, she knew, had changed the whole course of her existence; and the remembrance of it still filled her with pain and shame. She was now on the jetty of Casterton, alone; the wild waste of water weltered cold and grey around her; a few seagulls were circling in the evening sky, and uttering at intervals a wild and discordant cry; when suddenly the scene vanished with the celerity of a dissolving view, and she became aware of two black spots—an opera-glass was being levelled at her from the opposite box. She gazed mechanically at its inmates. One was a thin, caustic man, still young, but with all the premature signs of age; so terrible was the alteration his mode of life had wrought in him since she had seen him last, that she would, perhaps, have failed to recognise him as Mr. Winthrop, but for his companion, who held the glass, and was pointing it at her still with insolent persistence: it was impossible to mistake Jefferson Melburn for any other man.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### AFTER-DINNER CRITICS.

The baleful vision which Miss Dart had seen in the opera-house would not, under ordinary circumstances, perhaps, have much disturbed her. It was not as if she still nourished a single sentimental regret in connection with Jefferson Melburn. He had power only to disgust, not to wound, her. But, as it happened, the meeting had taken place when she was nervous and unhinged; and, though she contrived to conceal its occurrence from her friends, it seriously affected her. The knowledge that this man was in London, and might possibly be again brought face to face with her, preyed upon her spirits. She had been working very hard of late, and was conscious of a need for rest she had never felt before. On the other hand, she could not afford two outings in the year, and it was imprudent thus to anticipate the summer. Nature in spring-time calls those in city pent into the woods and fields; but it is only the rich who can afford to obey her summons at that period. When a shipwrecked company have only a small stock of provisions for a long voyage, they must eke it out as best they can: if they take their fill of food at first, they will have none left to eat in days when they will want it more. And thus it is with a great majority of us in respect to holidays. We yearn to leave this living tomb of Town when the leaves come on the trees; but a time will come, we know, when it will be still more intolerable to dwell in it, and we postpone our holiday till then. All we can do, in the meantime, when we find ourselves run down or out of sorts, is to try a tonic. About this time Miss Dart had one presented to her, in the form of a piece of good news—an ounce of which, as is well known, is worth a ton of bark. The April number of the *Millennium* came out, and "Opinions in Stories" was received with universal approbation. Had it stood alone, the article could hardly have failed to attract public attention; but as the third of a trilogy, of which two had already made their mark, it created an immense sensation. Those who had asserted that its predecessors had been written by a woman were, however, contrary to Mr. Argand's expectations, by no means silenced. Masculine and vigorous as the style was by all admitted to be, there were some who contended that the "Death Chamber" could only have been written by a female hand. The review within a few weeks reached a pinnacle of success it had never attained before.

At a dinner party at Harewood-square, at which Miss Dart was present, this circumstance became the subject of conversation.

"Is it a state secret, or not, Argand," inquired one of the guests, "that the *Millennium* has doubled its circulation this month?"

"It is certainly not a state secret," said Mr. Argand, smiling; "on the contrary, I am happy to say it is a simple fact."

"But that is not Mr. John Javelin's doing," observed another guest, in a dry tone. The speaker was a Mr. Davies, who, not content with being the terror of authors in the *Weekly Weasel*, had actually republished his own criticisms in book-form. "I have no doubt his essays, or whatever he terms them, are popular with a certain class; but nobody's essays ever doubled the circulation of anything. It must be the story that has done it."

"That is what you have said in the *Weasel* already," said Mr. Argand, sharply, for he was annoyed that such a discussion should have been raised before Miss Dart. He had confidence in her good sense, and knew that she took a tolerably philosophic view of criticism; but then the critics had hitherto been favourable to her. They were so now, only some of them had turned away from her to worship the rising sun, the anonymous author of "The Usher."

There was no doubt that, great as had been the sensation made by Miss Dart's productions, it had been equalled, if not surpassed, by that of her new rival.

"I remark that while rapping Davies' knuckles," observed another guest, a Mr. Elliott, a critic renowned for his severity, "our host has omitted to answer his question. Is it possible. I wonder, that both novelist and essayist are here present amongst us, and that he does not, for his life, dare give an opinion as to which has raised the circulation, for fear of offending the other?"

"And also for fear of having to increase his scale of remuneration," added Mr. Davies, acidly.

Amid the laughter which followed this sally, the ladies rose. "I wonder whether Argand's rival contributors are with us now or not?" observed the incorrigible Elliott; "to judge by the look of relief upon his face, one would imagine them both to have gone up-stairs."

"No woman ever wrote 'The Usher,' I'll take my oath," ejaculated Davies, bluntly.

"Will you venture a five-pound note upon that?" observed a quiet voice. It came from Mr. Herbert, who was a man not given to much speaking, but who, when he did speak, was listened to in literary circles with respectful attention. He was not, like Messrs. Davies and Elliott, a tomahawk critic; he thought less of being smart himself (and of making his author smart) than of doing justice to a book; but his tongue was like a whip, and, at the smack of it, curs hid themselves.



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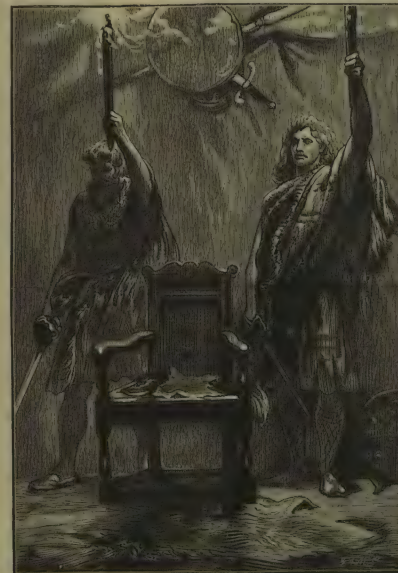
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she herself was superior to any such sentiment, and that the news of the success of "The Usher" would give her genuine

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(To be continued.)



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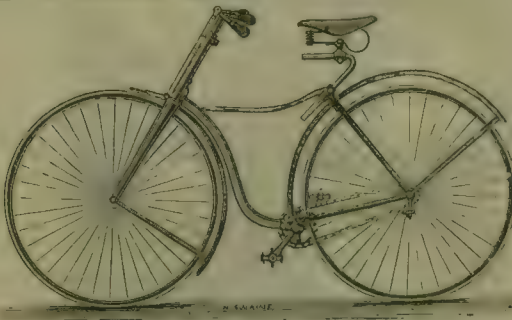
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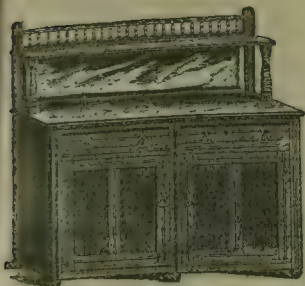


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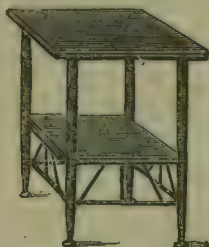
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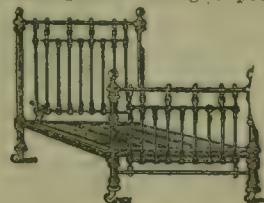
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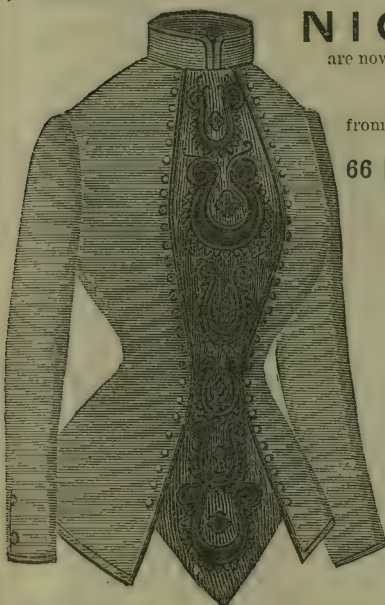
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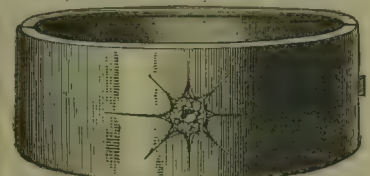
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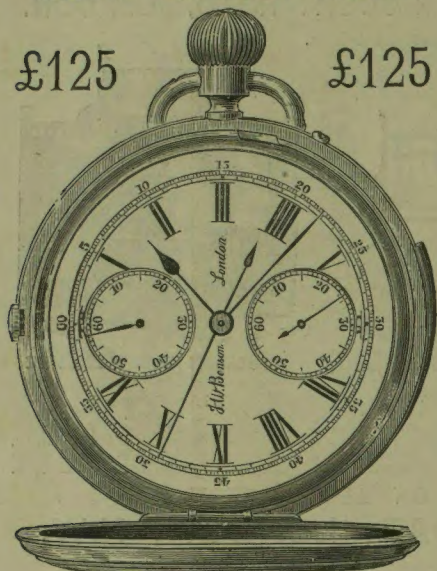
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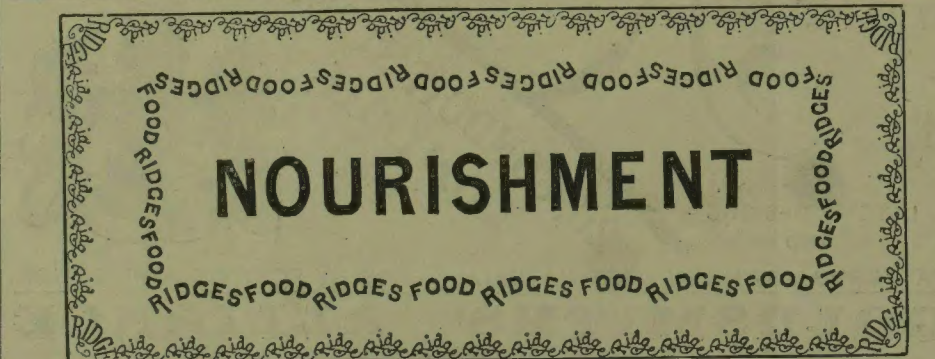
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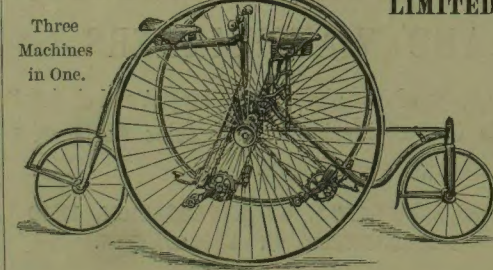
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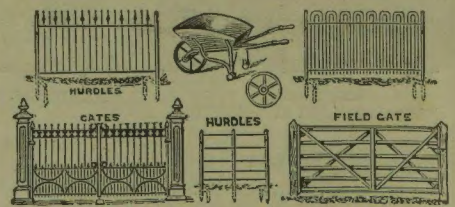
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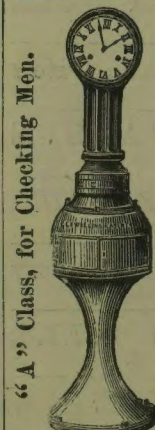
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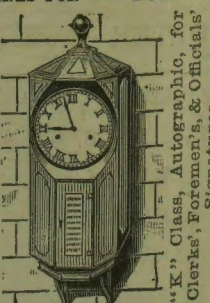
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## THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The Society may be congratulated upon having brought together this year as strong a display as has been seen in their room for many years, the old and young members alike showing at their very best. Before entering upon a general notice of the pictures, a word of honest—not conventional—praise must be accorded to Princess Louise's portrait of "Miss Dorothy Heseltine" (18), a young girl's face, with plenty of character, but retaining all its childlike softness and simplicity. The work throughout is careful and artistic; the painting is solid and altogether destitute of amateurishness; and, although the truthfulness of the likeness can only be tested by those who know the original, there is so much evidence of correctness in the picture itself that one may well accept on trust its resemblance to the original. In figure-painting generally, the society is just now especially strong; and amongst such who show to advantage on the present occasion are Mr. Henry Wallis, Mr. Thomas Lamont, Mr. Henshall, Mr. John Burr, Mr. Albert Moore, Mr. J. Parker, Mr. C. Robertson, and others. The first and last named of these delight in Eastern scenes, and boldly enter the lists against Mr. Carl Haag, whose work shows no falling off from the excellence of previous years. His most important picture, "Shipwreck in the Desert" (26), represents an Arab standing beside the dead body of his camel, with no sign of life around but the vultures, which are already swooping downwards to their prey. The figure of the man, in which the struggle against hope is strongly marked, may perhaps be somewhat opposed to one's idea of the fatalism before which a true Mussulman bows his head; but with the setting of the scene few will quarrel: the rich golden green sky, tinted like a ripe grape, deepens down behind the hills which bar the horizon, giving no hope of rain, and seems almost by its bright tones to mock the traveller's fate. Mr. Carl Haag's other works comprise a portrait of an "Arab Sheikh" (232), and a very remarkable bit of painting, "The Important Message" (254), a group of richly-attired men at the entrance of a Cairo palace. Of the technical care with which every line and speck of the tracery is worked out, it is impossible to speak too highly. It is a geometric drawing, executed by a master in the art of colour; but, unfortunately, the result given is one absolutely impossible under the conditions of perspective. If we contrast it with Mr. Wallis's study outside the door of "The Mosque of Barkuk" (12), one can see at a glance the difference. In the latter, every line, every shadow, falls correctly; whilst for accuracy of detail in the rendering of merely accidental effects, it is without a fault. Mr. Wallis is not less successful in the gem he sends from "Twelfth Night" (27)—the clown singing to the Duke as he sits, love-stricken and woe-begone, in his palace. In this work, the attitudes of the various characters are as happily hit off as the colouring is rich and harmonious. But in the rendering of Oriental life and manners both Mr. Wallis and Mr. Carl Haag have a powerful rival in Mr. Charles Robertson, whose two works, "In the name of the Prophet, Alms," (76), and "Bazaar Gossip" (96), show a sense of colour and a power of minute work which promise a great future, although for the present there is perhaps too much monotony in the texture of his work. For instance, in the latter picture, the blue tiles are altogether admirable, and so are the stone steps, cracked and discoloured by time and rough usage; but the rich Turkey carpet thrown over the ground is wanting in softness, and can scarcely be distinguished from the woodwork around except by the pattern and colour. His English picture, "The Height of the Season" (146), is altogether a more complete work, although it recalls in a way Mr. Stanhope Forbes' great success at the Royal Academy last year. The busy group of fisherfolk, the baskets full of silvery fish, the general idea of movement and bustle, are admirably rendered. Mr. J. Lamont's "End of the Prologue" (227) transports us to another world—a garden-scene full of prettily dressed people, enjoying the relaxation offered by a break in the recitation of the last new tragedy. The author, panting after his exercise, is leaning against the balustrade, whilst his patron, or some self-constituted Polonius, is bowing to the châteline before whose friends the rehearsal is taking place. The scene is pleasantly constructed, and the characters well grouped, with much of that sympathy for the eighteenth-century French art by which Mr. Lamont has often distinguished himself. Mr. Wainwright's "Imperial Drawing" (207) is painted in far broader lines, and represents a girl in grey or white smock chalking up the score of some Imperial toppers, whose forms are indistinctly seen in the background. Mr. J. Henshall's "Sisters" (55) is, however, the figure-picture which will probably attract the most general attention and commendation. Two children, who may be said to represent full and failing health, are seated side by side; the invalid, propped up by pillows, is pale and wan, whilst the girl beside, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, is trying to make her enjoy the bright sunshine which is pouring in from the window. There is no effort or straining after effect in the simple cottage room. Such a group might be of daily occurrence; but Mr. Henshall has invested it with a poetry and pathos worthy of the highest praise. That he has no morbid views of life may be seen in his single figures, "Gaily the Troubadour" (102) and "Tip-top Whistlers" (159), cleverly painted, and full of humour and character. Mr. Albert Moore's "Myrtle" (238) is as exquisite a figure as he has ever drawn; the flesh tints perfect, and the modelling of the upper and unclothed part of the body without a fault. Mention should also be made of Mr. John Burr's "The New Frock" (284); Mr. John Parker's "Badinage" (265); Mr. Stacey Marks' "The Pen" (123), a man in a grey Dutch dress mending a pen; Mr. A. Marsh's "Letter-Bag" (106), in which the pony is capitally painted; Mr. Gillard Glindoni's "Jilted" (171), apparently representing the initial proceedings of an action for breach of promise of marriage; and Mr. F. Smallfield's "Colonel Newcome in Charterhouse" (223).

It is, however, in landscapes and marine pictures that the Old Society is especially strong; and if we do not dwell upon these at length it is because it is well-nigh impossible to convey by words any adequate idea of each painter's conception and rendering of nature. The pen does not lend itself to the subtle variations of which the brush is capable, and it is almost enough to say that Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Alfred Hunt, Mr. Thorne Waite, Mr. Clarence White, Mr. Matthew Hall, Mr. George Boyce, Mr. George and Mr. Alfred Fripp, Mr. Collingwood Smith, Mr. Birket Foster, and a host of others fully sustain their well-deserved reputation, whilst many of them send works of more than usual excellence. Sir John Gilbert's large canvases, "The First Appearance of Gipsies in France" (132) and "The Enchanted Forest" (189), contain almost as much figure-painting as landscape; but it is the latter, in which the inspiration of Salvator Rosa lingers, that we prefer. His figures are too black, and their pose too well known, to excite our wonder; but in his treatment of landscape Sir John Gilbert is always rich, suggestive, and versatile. Mr. Matthew Hale's "Night Wrack" (145) is a dark, weird scene, in which he seems to have solved, with rare success, the often-posed problem of rendering darkness without dulness or monotony. Over the black pools left by the

retreating tide the night clouds roll heavily, and one feels the desolation of the scene so admirably rendered. Mr. Albert Goodwin is another to whom the poetic rendering of nature comes almost naturally; but his "Clovelly" (156) seems rather weak in the foreground—a fault which, however, cannot be laid to the charge of his masterly rendering of the "Ponte Alla Grazia" (121), with its dark shadows and solid drawing. Mr. Birket Foster is bolder than usual in his treatment of such scenes as the "Bridge at Dunkeld" (5) and the "Market Place at Seville" (114); but his drawings, in spite of their care for detail, seem to want that absolute rendering of Nature as she is, and which Mr. Alfred Hunt, in such works as the "Scene on the North-East Coast" (120) and "A Darksome Glen" (275), brings out in such masterly and wonderful style. Mr. Francis Powell's "World's Highway" (8) is a capital bit of open sea, moving in the sunlight; and he may claim a fresh success in his "On the Cantire Coast" (139), where the white-crested waves are racing merrily up the Mull. Mr. Henry Moore's "After Rain" (129) is a fine expanse of sunlight on a blue sea; and although Mr. Walter Field's "Dipping Baby" (153) is marred by the figures, the treatment of the water, extending far away into the distance, is a very successful achievement. We should not close without reference to Mr. Charles Gregory's "Gardens at Rye" (86), and Mr. E. J. Poynter's "Ferry" (62), a very remarkable work, Mr. George Boyce's "Place du Barle, Vezelay" (34), Mr. Walter Duncan's "Bathing Ghâts at Benares" (100), Mr. Collingwood's "Under the Eiger" (215), and Miss Montalba's "Chioggia Fishing-Boats" (214).

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Among Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s recent issues of vocal music are several pleasing songs that will doubtless find wide acceptance. "Peace, perfect peace," and "Hark! my soul, it is the Lord" are sacred songs by Gounod. The first has an ad libitum chorus which heightens the effect, but the song is quite complete without it; both pieces having a pianoforte accompaniment. The style of each is earnest and solemn, while possessing that charm of melody which the composer imparts to all his works. Neither song requires an exceptional compass of voice or special executive power; sentiment and feeling being the chief requisites for the adequate interpretation of both. Mr. Isidore De Lara contributes four songs to the parcel now referred to, the titles being respectively "Once and For Ever," "Twas Eve and May!" "Marion," and "All my All." The composer, being himself a cultivated singer, imparts to all his productions a distinctly vocal character, a flowing melody, lying within a moderate compass of voice, and freedom from executive difficulties. Each of the songs now referred to fulfils these conditions while respectively reflecting the sentiment of the text to which it is set. Mr. J. L. Molloy's "The Sandman" is one of the "Songs after Hans Andersen." The melody is clear and forcible in its rhythm, and well adapted for a singer of declamatory power. "My Love and I" by F. P. Tosti, has some good contrasts between the suave flow of its vocal melody and the bright arpeggio chords of the pianoforte accompaniment, with effective changes of rhythm. "The Love that Came Too Late," by the same composer, is in a somewhat simpler style, the tender sentiment of the text being well expressed in the flowing vocal strains. The alternations of the minor and major key are effective. "Bid Me Good-bye," by the same composer, is light and graceful in style, with a piquant waltz rhythm, and has altogether much archness of character. "One or Two," by Frances Allitsen, is bright and fanciful both in the voice part and the accompaniment, with a taking melody pervading each. "Caught," by A. Romili, requires but small powers of voice or execution to render it pleasing. The melody is simple, yet not common-place, and if fairly well rendered will make its own mark. Besides all these vocal pieces, Messrs. Chappell and Co. have lately issued some pianoforte music, among which are a characteristic "Chanson Russe," effectively arranged by E. Sturmfels; and two easy pieces—"On the Clyde" (sketch) and "Amiens" (minuet), by W. Smallwood. These are well adapted for juvenile practice.

Messrs. Boosey and Co. continue to provide plentifully for drawing-room songsters. Among their recent publications are some songs bearing well-known names. "Waiting," by Theo. Marzials, has much genuine sentiment in its vocal portion, which is well supported by an effective accompaniment. The song gives good scope both for expression and declamation. Another song from the same hand is "Daffodil Time," a pretty melody in lively waltz rhythm. Mr. J. L. Molloy's "Claude Duval" is a very good setting of lines, by F. E. Weatherly, referring to the chivalrous highwayman. The music is of an appropriate bold and marked character, and the song will probably be as effective in private circles as it has lately been in public performances. "Cousins"—written and composed by F. E. Weatherly—is simple both in melody and accompaniment, but gives good scope for piquant grace of expression. From Mr. F. L. Moir we have two songs, "Whiter than Snow," and "My only Thought." The first has much deep sentiment of style, with a pianoforte accompaniment (in reiterated chords) that contrasts well with the vocal cantabile. There is a harmonium or American organ part (ad libitum), which enhances the general effect. The second of Mr. Moir's songs is very smooth and flowing in its vocal melody, which is well contrasted in its alternations of the minor and major mode. An expressive singer, even with small skill, may produce much effect with this song. "Effie" is a setting, by A. H. Behrend, of lines by Adelaide Proctor, the tender sentiment of whose verse is successfully reflected in the music. "A Nursery Story," by Hope Temple, has much of the ring of the old English style. Some changes of rhythm are effective. "Fine Feathers," by J. E. German, is the title of a song in which there is much animation and well-sustained vivacity. Incidental changes of tempo give good variety. "Love of my Life," by A. Hervey, is replete with sentimental expression through the medium of a flowing and unstrained melody. Some good harmonic progressions are introduced. Messrs. Boosey and Co. also issue some pleasing pianoforte music, among which are "Al Fresco," a bright allegretto movement in polka style, by L. Zaverlat; and "Fairy Footsteps," a gavotte, by H. Clendon, in which the old dance rhythm is well reflected.

Messrs. Weekes and Co. have recently published a very useful pamphlet, entitled "A Concise Chronological History of the Chief Musicians and Musical Events from A.D. 1380 to 1885," compiled and edited (with an introduction) by Mr. C. E. Lowe. Small as the work is, it contains a vast amount of useful information as to dates and facts. As a desk-book, it is invaluable, as affording immediate information, and, in many cases, saving the trouble of referring to larger works.

Mary Macdonnell, a domestic servant, who in January last, it may be remembered, saved the life of the potman during a fire which destroyed the Lord Napier public-house, Canning-town, has been presented by the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire with a medal commemorative of the courage she had displayed. The presentation took place at the West Ham Police Court, accompanied by a gift of £10.

## COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

### A RAMBLE THROUGH THE COURTS.

The magnificent Imperial Exhibition—organised in London by the Prince of Wales as Executive President and by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen as Secretary to the Royal Commission richly merits the minute inspection it will doubtless receive from the public. A mere stroll through the interesting Courts of the South Kensington Exhibition will afford the visitor a far better idea of the vast extent and wealth of the British Empire than could be gained by one of those rapid P. and O. voyages in which modern travellers seem to emulate Puck in their desire to "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."

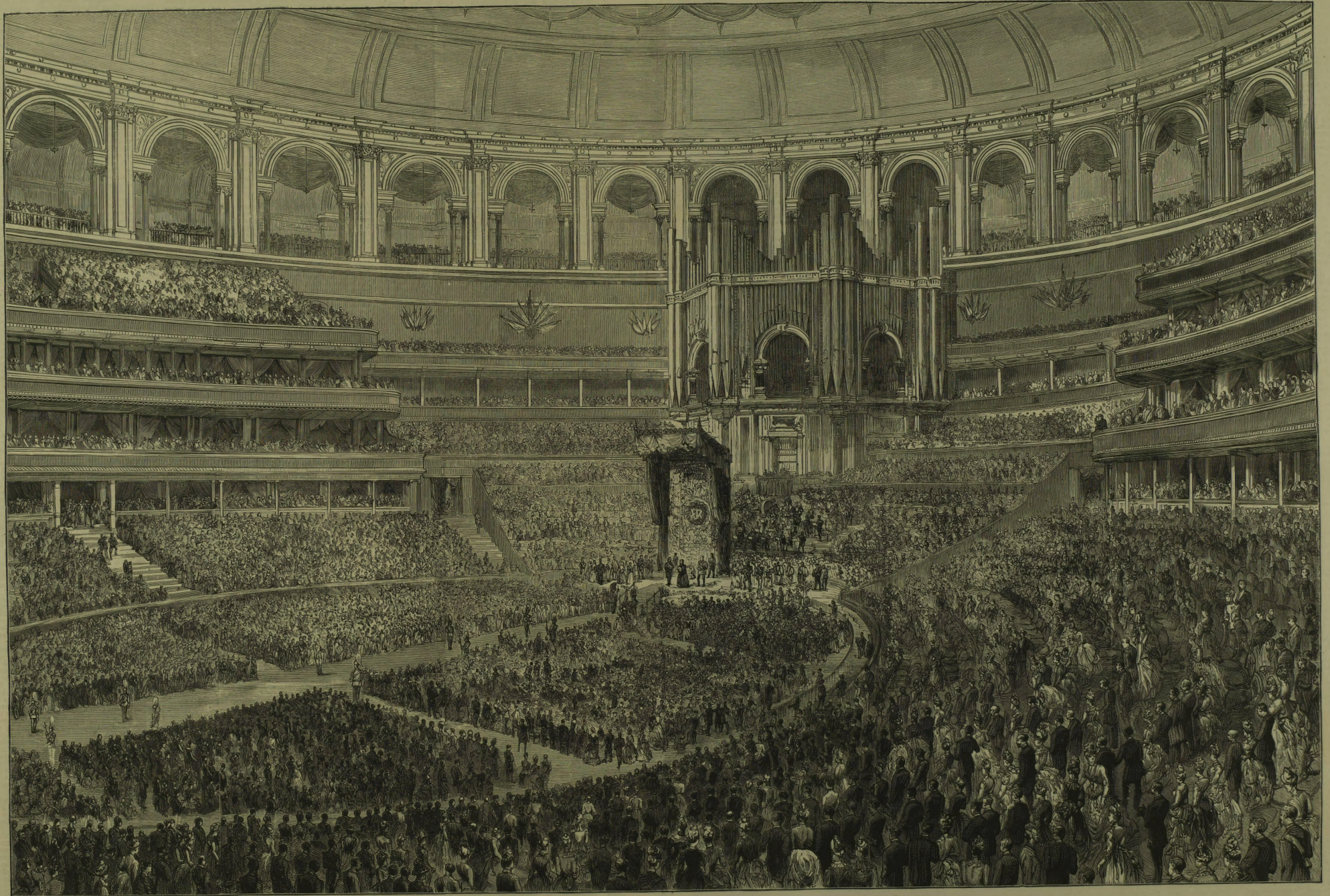
Little guidance is necessary. The "lions" of this Exposition speak for themselves. The visitor will first be struck in the spacious entrance-hall in the Exhibition-road by a series of bold and instructive wall-paintings of Melbourne in 1839 and 1886, of Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth, New Zealand, and of Canadian views, the work of artists employed by the eminent firm of Gillow, responsible for most of the bright decoration in the Exhibition. These scenes of Australian cities eloquently testify to the wonderful progress made by our energetic and enterprising colonists in the past forty years. Pausing to note the brilliant array of life-size models of our Hindoo soldiery in the handsomely draped Indian vestibule—really a luxurious Durbar Hall—we descend the steps to admire the colossal masterpiece of taxidermy by Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S.—the huge trophy to the right representing an Indian jungle, most skilfully arranged. His Royal Highness the Executive President could not fail to have been vividly reminded of his own exciting experiences of tiger-hunting in viewing the superb realistic model of an elephant being attacked in the tall jungle-grass by tigers, while startled peahens seek flight above. In other compartments of this attractive "jungle" will be found flying peacocks of beautiful plumage, wild boars pierced by the hunters' spears, an alligator, black Himalayan bears, a huge python, a cheetah killing the axis deer, a wild dog pursuing an antelope, and a variety of Indian birds. The Maharajah of Kooch Behar, in defraying a great part of the cost of this splendid natural history trophy, will probably be the means of drawing many sportsmen fond of "big game" to India.

An appropriately grand gateway, carved with infinite beauty, faces the steps, and forms a worthy entrance to the central Indian Arcade, remarkable for the elaborately and neatly carved screens inclosing the different Hindoo courts right and left. The skilful workmanship of the native Indian workmen will be generally admired, both as regards the exhibits of ornaments, pottery, and gay cloths, and the fine screens from Rajputana, notably those from Jeypore and Baroda, and the white marble screen from Ujwur. Something to interest and to attract will be found at every step of the progress past the Guicowar of Baroda's Pigeon-house, and down this resplendent Indian Arcade, which is the grand indoor promenade of the Exhibition. To the left, in the southern gallery, will be found an instructive Indian ethnological collection, including an exquisitely-finished model of a native village, and a number of life-size figures of Indian shop-keepers soliciting custom in a section of a native bazaar; and a commanding position is occupied by a light and strong bamboo staircase and gateway. To the right of the principal Indian Arcade is the other Indian annexe, with a rich variety of exhibits from Ceylon and adjacent islands. An inexorable guide, anxious you shall not be tired by tarrying in Ceylon, next pilots you, by the passage facing the Pigeon-house, to the Indian Palace, which has sprung up as if by magic on the site of the Prince of Wales's Pavilion. The elegant stone-carved gateway from Gwalior, presented by the Maharajah Scindia to the South Kensington Museum, forms a noble entrance to the spacious forecourt of this Palace, the open shops being rather cool for the native artisans in an English spring. Above the forecourt is the Prince of Wales's tastefully and luxuriously appointed Durbar-chamber, every detail of which speaks well for the supervisor-in-chief of the Indian section of the Exhibition, Mr. C. Purdon Clarke. Leaving the Indian Palace, we proceed through the Old London street (wherein a most comfortable club has been considerably established for the Colonial Commissioners) to the Queen's-gate annexe. This is devoted to Africa. The Cape of Good Hope carries off the palm with its admirable model of a Diamond Mine, its stuffed ostriches, its capital collection of products and manufactures, its interesting show of pictures of the colony, Rowland Ward's gigantic trophy of heads of "wild game," ranging from the elephant to the lioness, and every variety of buffalo and antelope; and the first of several conservatories which are among the most welcome additions to the exhibition, introducing us, as they do, to the rich vegetation of Australia and New Zealand, as well as of the Cape and Natal.

It is but a step or two from the Cape to the large central gallery divided between the colonies of New South Wales and Victoria. The gilded gateway representing the enormous yield of gold from the latter auriferous colony invites the many to inspect the glittering nuggets and golden column within the portal of Victoria. Sir Alexander Stuart, the ex-Premier of New South Wales, has, in his capacity as Royal Commissioner, been similarly careful that the riches of his prosperous colony are adequately represented. From a picturesque point of view, South Australia excels, with the admirably realistic scenic representation of a bank of the Murray River, a group of aboriginals figuring by the riverside, an eagle plunging a kangaroo family into despair by carrying off a kangaroo kid to its nest, and emus, cockatoos, parakeets, wombats, and dingoes, being also shown in this beautiful tableau, due in a great measure to the indefatigable zeal of Sir Samuel Davenport and Mr. Scott, who secured efficient aid from Mr. Edward Gerrard as the skilful naturalist. Other Australian Commissioners have had recourse to the scene-painter's artful aid. Witness the large wall-painting of the Fairfield Vineyard, in Victoria; and the large canvas picturing the mammoth trees of Western Australia. One of the most noticeable things in the bright red and yellow New Zealand Court is the trophy of native woods.

The commanding features of the Canadian Court are the striking trophy at the western end, comprising a giant walrus, seals, and white and black bears, with moose-deer and buffaloes of the Hubbard collection on the other side; Rowland Ward's admirable trophy of birds and beasts on the Island of Anticosti; and the towering trophy of Canada's agricultural produce at the eastern end. A lounge from Canada through Mr. Gordon Hake's gem of a court, Cyprus, tastefully embellished by Mr. Ernest Jessop; through gorgeous Malta; and through the exceedingly bright West Indian annexe, will prepare the visitor for Sir Francis Bolton's Rainbow Fountains in the evening. The Illuminated Concerts in the brilliant gardens, indeed, form a source of joy and beauty of undiminished popularity. While the best of military music is discoursed from the eastern or western pagoda, Colonial and Indian visitors promenading under the chestnuts on the terrace can feast their eyes upon the largest and finest display of electric lighting the world has yet seen.





OPENING OF THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION BY THE QUEEN.



## THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

## THE WEST GALLERY.

Sir Coutts Lindsay has no cause to complain of any serious defection from the ranks of his artists. In spite of the supposed attractiveness of Burlington House, it is at the Grosvenor that we must look for Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Watts, and even for Mr. Orchardson's most effective work. This year's exhibition, moreover, well sustains the reputation already gained by this gallery—that in the selection of his recruits, Sir Coutts Lindsay is guided by a desire to help forward the deserving; and the supply of rising men does not seem to be near exhaustion.

The first work in the room is a stately single figure in a blue dress, by Mr. E. Burne Jones, "Flamma Vestalis" (1), on which he has lavished the resources of his art. The result is in pleasant contrast with the series of Venuses, of all descriptions in name and monotony in reality, on which Mr. Rossetti expended so much of his time and talents, and to Mr. Burne Jones we owe a debt of gratitude for thus protesting against the sensuousness of the school of which he is now the unchallenged leader. At the other end of the room the same artist's "Morning of the Resurrection" (96) will, perhaps, disappoint many of his admirers. The pose of the two angels on each side of the empty tomb is wanting in dignity, but the dazed expression of the Magdalen's face is skilfully rendered, and the picture suggests powerfully the event of that Easter morning which was just breaking. Mr. Orchardson's large canvas, "Master Baby" (31), is far broader in drawing and richer in colour than most of his recent work. A lady in black is leaning over her small child, lying on its cushion on a cane-backed settee. The attitudes of both figures are excellent, but they recall Sir Joshua Reynolds' treatment of a similar subject in a very marked manner. Mr. Alma Tadema also appears in a new light in his "Portrait" (67) of a lady, in a green flowered silk dress, marvellously well painted in all respects, except the hands. The figure is of life size, and shows that in such work this artist is as much master of his brush as in his more minute work. Of the latter, "A Foregone Conclusion" (72) is an admirable example. Two girls, one a blonde, the other a brunette, on a marble terrace, are awaiting the approach of a man who mounts the steps, carefully examining a ring he holds between his fingers. Over the edge of the balustrade the blue sea is glittering in the sun, bright and transparent, as only Mr. Alma Tadema can paint it. The distance which separates the master from the pupil is clearly seen by comparing this picture with Mr. Weguelin's "Summer Afternoon" (77), which hangs near—a work full of poetic fancy and skilful colouring, but just wanting in that peculiar power which to Mr. Alma Tadema comes by inspiration. Mr. Watts' highly imaginative work, "The Soul's Prison" (10), is a marvellous piece of colouring, representing a woman whose "star-steadfast eyes" are attempting to pierce the haze which shrouds the enigma of life. It belongs to a class of work quite outside the region of ordinary criticism, and only commends itself to a small circle of admirers. His other work—"Hope" (61)—represents a figure seated with bandaged eyes on the outer margin of the world—every chord of her harp broken save one, to which she is bending her ear, to catch the faint sound which it gives forth. The one element of hope left is in the blue sky and the bright star, which seems to bid the sad wanderer to hope that outside the world and beyond she will find that peace and happiness which are denied to dwellers in it. Mr. Frank Holl is represented by two portraits—"Mr. W. Nicholson" (30) and "Dr. Warre" (63)—of which the latter is, in all respects, the better, conveying, in very adequate measure, the characteristics of the present Head Master of Eton. Mr. W. B. Richmond is scarcely up to his usual level of excellence in the first room; except in the case of "Mr. Jeffreys" (86), a fair-haired, pleasant face, which seems to have inspired him more successfully than either "Lady Davey" (91) or "Mr. Hanbury" (80). In the "Child's Portrait" (79) he shows some of his usual skill and appreciation of child-beauty; but his "Hermes" (89) putting on his winged shoes is dark and unsatisfactory. Before quitting the portrait and figure subjects we should especially commend Mr. E. A. Ward's portrait of "Mr. J. F. Boyes" (130), in a black velvet coat against a blue background, painted throughout with strength and thoroughness; Miss E. A. Armstrong's "Queen of Hearts" (12), a delicious child seated on a couch; Mr. John Sargent's "Study" (14), free from that attenuation which characterises his treatment of ladies; Mr. Edward Stott's "Mollie" (25); and Mr. C. W. Mitchell's "Portrait" (55) of a child in a brown dress—where again the hands are the weak point. Among the subject pictures, Mr. Boughton's "Edict of William the Testy" (60) is a humorous version of one of the episodes of "The Knickerbocker History of New York." The picture is perhaps somewhat overcrowded with the figures of the "Protestant" smokers, but each face tells a story, and has an individual character; and not the least successful is that of William's wife, who stands behind the reforming Governor, and who, if we may judge from her expression, was ready to support him in all repressive legislation. Miss Dorothy Tennant's "Emigrants" (9) is one of her usual manner, and, although the sea and sky are good, she shows better in her "Sweet Echo" (119), where the influence of her master, Henner, is conspicuous. Mr. Arthur Lucas's "Patience" (19), on the other hand, is thoroughly Dutch in treatment, although the dog at the door betrays a greater sympathy with the race than is to be found in the Low Countries. Mr. G. D. Leslie's "Garland" (50) represents three girls in a tent weaving a garland of flowers, whilst beyond, the blaze of sun falls full upon the velvet lawn; Mr. Poynter's "Outward Bound" (52) are two urchins who have scrambled into a sea-girt cave, and are busily watching a feather boat as it floats towards the open sea. Both works are full of merit, and show the artists in a pleasant light.

Of the landscapes in this room opinion will be probably divided between Mr. J. W. North's (7) and Mr. Alfred Parsons' (122), which are so hung as to challenge comparison. The former has chosen an old sand-pit covered over with flowers and foliage; the latter a cider country, rich in green-sward and grey-trunked trees. Mr. North's method shows to advantage in a large work where he can give full play to his palette; and Mr. Parsons is all the better for having had the courage to break entirely new ground. In the latter's work there is a fullness and richness which he has never before displayed; and will go far to place him in the first rank of our landscape painters. Mr. Herbert Snell's "In Chancery" (38) is pitched in a very different key, and bears evidence of the artist's French training. Thistles and weeds have grown apace among the flowers; the trees are untrimmed, and Nature is asserting her power. The colouring of this picture is very delicate, and the treatment poetical; and we find the same qualities in Mr. MacLachlan's "Daybreak" (62) and "Along a Quiet Shore" (123), although, in his case, the tones are still more subdued, and the suggestion of sadness still more marked. Mr. Corbett remains faithful to the leadership of Signor Costa and to Italian scenes, and his "Early Morning" (134) breaking over the mountain between Pisa and Lucca, and "The Mouth of the Arno" (85)

after a storm, show a keen appreciation of Nature, and a sense of atmosphere and suffused light, which shows that he works in the open air. Mr. Waterhouse's "Flower Market" (104), is a blaze of rich colour, but so skilfully manipulated as to leave no sense of glare; and Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Scaur na Gillean" (35) proves that in the Isle of Skye he can find subjects which afford him even ampler scope than the banks of the Thames or the broads of Norfolk.

Before leaving the first room we should also call attention to Mr. Waterhouse's "Waiting" (125) and Mr. David Carr's "Lost Companion" (111), a simple expression of child sorrow; to Mr. Mortimer Menpes' excellent and carefully-painted figures, "Light and Shade" (76); and to Mr. Baxter Knight's "Golden Green Wood" (43), an admirable rendering of a Kentish wood; and to Mr. T. C. Farrer's "Evening on the Maas" (56), in which the colours of both the sea and sky are depicted with singular forcibleness and truth.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, J. P. (Chester).—The fourth game was published last week.

T. C. (Edinburgh).—We have complied with your request, but we really cannot answer queries through the post.

E. L. G. (Blackwater).—We are glad you have discovered the author's solution of No. 2192. It is such a happy thought that he has no intention of wasting it, and purposes reconstructing the problem.

C. A. L. B. (Teddington).—Your last three-mover is a capital idea; but, unfortunately, we see no mate if Black play 1. B to K 4th.

E. J. W. W. (Groydon).—Thanks; the amendment of your last contribution is a decided improvement.

J. P.—Thanks for game and problem. Both shall have due honours.

J. R. C. (Calcutta).—Both players went over to the majority many years ago. We have looked up the record of the match played in 1857. It was—Hannah, 11; Lowe, 6; drawn, 4. You win, of course. We remember your name, but never have had the pleasure of meeting you.

W. G. H. (Highbury).—A player may "Castle" after his King has been checked any number of times, provided that piece has not been moved.

J. H. (South Hampstead).—Look at No. 2198 again. You have not tried the defence 1. Kt to Kt 5th.

ALPHA.—We have missed you, and are glad to welcome you back again.

NOTE.—Mr. Cecil A. L. Bull, of Teddington, is desirous of playing a game by correspondence with an amateur of moderate force.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2188, 2190, and 2191 received from Peterhouse; of Nos. 2190 and 2193 from F. C. Sibbald (Georgina, Canada); of 2191 from P. A. Bourke; of No. 2191, 2194, 2195, and 2196 from E. Momo (Darlington); of No. 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, and 2196 from E. L. G.; of 2192 from Peterhouse, of No. 2193 from E. G. Boys, of No. 2194 from J. B. Entwistle, of No. 2195 from Eliza Dawbarn, E. G. Boys, J. Christie, T. Jones, J. Lovegrove, C. E. Lascelles, and Edgar F. Hill.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2196 received from H. Reeve, J. E. M. F. E. Featherstone, E. E. H. C. Darragh, W. Hillier, L. Wyman, W. R. Railton, A. C. Hunt, L. Falcon (Antwerp), W. Biddle, C. Oswald, Nerina, G. W. Law, W. Vernon Arnold, B. R. Wood, Hereward, Otto Fulder (Ghent), R. Tweddell, F. R. B. Junior, E. Elshury, Joseph Ainsworth, Oliver Iengle, S. Bullen, E. Louden, H. Wardell, Venator, R. L. Southwell, F. Marshall, E. Casella (Paris), W. B. Smith, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Jupiter Junior, J. Hall, Ben Nevis, L. Nathan, Edgar F. Hill, Commander W. L. Martin, C. E. P. Alpha, Edmund Field, L. Desanges, and R. H. Brooks.

## SOLUTIONS OF THE CHRISTMAS PROBLEMS.

No. 1.		No. 3.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 8th.	Any move	1. R to K B 3rd.	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.		2. Mates accordingly.	

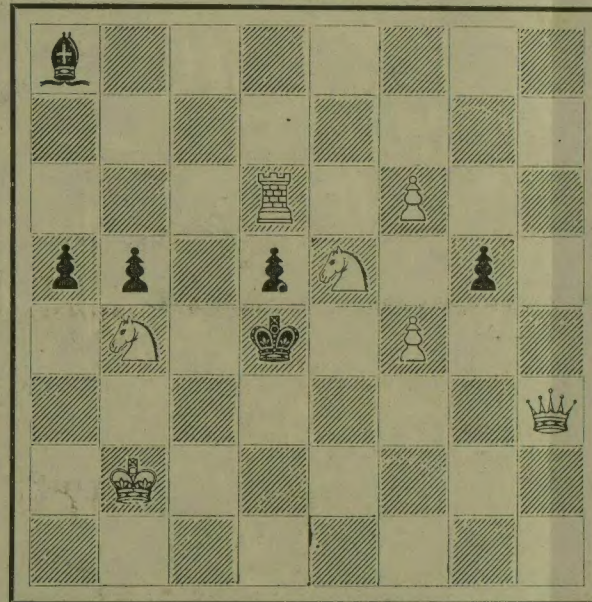
  

No. 2.		No. 4.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to B 7th.	Any move	1. Q to Q R sq.	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.		2. Mates accordingly.	

## PROBLEM No. 2198.

By JOHN C. BREMNER.

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

One of eight Games played simultaneously and sans voir by Mr. R.

REYNOLDS, of Cape Town.

(Knight's Defence in the K B Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Amateur).	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Amateur).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. Q to K 2nd	R to K sq
2. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	The only move to save the piece.	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	10. B takes Kt	P takes B
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	Again forced; because if 10. B takes P, then Q takes R, &c.	
5. Kt takes P	Kt takes P	11. Q to R 5th	R to B sq

It must be owned that Black invites attack by his conduct of the opening.

6. Castles	B to K 2nd	12. R to K 3rd	P to Q 4th
7. R to K sq	Kt to K B 3rd	13. B to Q 3rd	P to K B 4th
8. B to K Kt 5th	Castles	14. R to R 3rd.	

White played this little game extremely well; and we hope to receive further specimens of his skill.

The section play in the handicap tourney of the British Chess Club has resulted in Messrs. Mills, Jones, and Heppell winning in Section A, and Messrs. Hunter, Hirsch, and Hooke in Section B. The first in each section will play for the first and second prizes, the second for third and fourth, and the third for fifth and sixth. Since writing the above the handicap has been decided. It has ended in Mr. D. Y. Mills, the popular honorary secretary of the club, carrying off the first prize; Mr. Hunter, the second prize; Messrs. Hirsch and Jones divide the third and fourth prizes; and Messrs. Hooke and Heppell divide the fifth and sixth.

A match has been arranged between the graduates and undergraduates of London University and a mixed team of City clubs. It will be played at the Salvation, Newgate-street, next Wednesday evening.

The Rev. G. A. MacDonnell has awarded the two prizes in the two-move problem tournament of the Irish Chess Association to Mr. C. Plance, of London, and Mrs. T. B. Rowland, of Dublin, in the order named. They are both highly interesting compositions. One of them will be found appended; the other we shall give next week.

## FIRST PRIZE: BY C. PLANCE, M.A.

White: K at Q R 6th; Q at K B 3rd; R's at K R 2nd and Q R 4th; Kts at Q 7th and Q B 2nd; B's at K R 7th and K B 8th; Pawns at K 4th and Q Kt 5th. (Ten pieces.)

Black: K at Q B 5th; R at Q Kt 8th; B at Q R 8th; Kt at Q B 8th; Pawns at K B 2nd, Q B 2nd, Q Kt 3rd, and Q Kt 5th. (Eight pieces.)

White to play, and mate in two moves.

A memorial house, in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, erected in memory of the late Earl Cairns, was opened at Bournemouth on Thursday week. The Archbishop of York presided.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 20, 1885) of Mr. Edward Cohen, late of No. 111, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, and of Windermere, Westmoreland, who died on March 4 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by Herman Greverus Kleinwort and Jonathan Holmes Poulter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £257,000. The testator leaves his house at Windermere, with the furniture and effects, horses and carriages, and £10,000, to his niece Frances Sarah Turrill; his house in Harley-street and £10,000 to his niece Isabella Turrill; another house and £10,000 to his niece Mrs. Poulter; £40,000 to his nephew Frederick James Lowe; £15,000 to his brother, George Cohen; £10,000 to his nephew John Lewis Turrill; £5000 each to his nieces and nephew, Mary Barnard, Ida Rogge, Julia Girtin Cooper, and George Wyndham Hog Girtin; £200 to the Middlesex Hospital, Charles-street; £100 each to the Society of the Friends of Foreigners in Distress; the National Benevolent Institution; St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society; and University Hospital, Gower-street; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his three nieces, Frances Sarah Turrill, Isabella Turrill, and Mrs. Poulter.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1884), with two codicils (dated Sept. 10, 1885, and Jan. 18, 1886), of Mr. Richard Henry Vade Walpole, formerly of Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, but late of Suffolk Hall, Cheltenham, who died on March 16 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by Edward Thornton, William James Farrer, and William Joseph Jarrett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £185,000. The testator devises all his real and copyhold estate in the county of Norfolk (except a house at Yarmouth, which he gives to George England), upon trust, for John Walpole and Charles Walpole, for their lives, with benefit of survivorship; and on the death of the survivor to the use of each son then living of the Rev. Thomas Walpole, successively, according to seniority, for life, with remainder to his first and other son according to seniority in tail male. In the event of any person entitled in possession to the said property succeeding to the earldom of Orford or barony of Walpole, the said settled property is to go over as though he were dead, without male issue, to the next person entitled under such settlement. Certain pictures and things are to go as heirlooms with the Manor House at Freethorpe. His freehold residence, Suffolk Hall, Cheltenham, with certain furniture and fixtures, he gives to his late wife's nephews and niece, Colonel William Gregory Dawkins, the Rev. James Annesley Dawkins, and Miss Harriett Elizabeth Georgiana Dawkins. The residue of his real estate he leaves to his male heir-at-law on his father's side. He bequeaths to the said Miss Dawkins, in addition to some specific bequests, £15,000; to Colonel Dawkins and the Rev. J. A. Dawkins, £5000 each, also in addition to some specific bequests; £6000 to Fanny Owen; and numerous other legacies, pecuniary and specific, and annuities, charged on his settled real estate, to servants and others. He also bequeaths £3500, upon trust, to supply coals and the payment of a weekly sum to the widows occupying the almshouses at Freethorpe, and for other widows and single women in the said parish; £1600 for the building of a parsonage house for the church at Freethorpe; £500 to the Incumbent and churchwardens, upon trust, to distribute coals to the needy poor of the said parish; £100 to the Incumbent and churchwardens of St. Peter's, Cheltenham, to distribute among the needy poor of that district in coals and bread; £200 to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, West-hill, Putney; and £100 each to the Cancer Hospital, Brompton, St. Mark's Hospital, City-road, the Fever Hospital, Pelley Leckhampton, Cheltenham, and the Metropolitan Free Hospital, Spital-fields. The whole of the large residue of his personal estate he leaves, in equal shares, to the Westminster Hospital, Broad Sanctuary; Charing-cross Hospital; King's College Hospital, Portugal-street; St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; the London Hospital, Whitechapel; the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road; the London Fever Hospital, Liverpool-road; the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park; the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, the Cheltenham Hospital and General Dispensary, the Great Yarmouth Hospital, and the British and Foreign Sailors' Home, Great Yarmouth. In order to render the amount to be distributed among the said charities as large as possible, the testator directs his personal estate to be marshalled, and the impure personalty is to be the primary fund for the payment of debts and expenses, and the legacies other than charitable ones.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1885) of Mr. Robert Alexander Brooks, late of Mercia House, Lansdowne-road, Hove, who died on Dec. 21 last, was proved on the 1st ult. by Henry Brooks and Herbert Brooks, the brothers, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £176,000. The testator gives his leasehold residence, Mercia House, with the household furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, jewellery, wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, and £10,000, to his wife, Mrs. Frances Brooks; and his share and interest in the goodwill of the business of Messrs. Robert Brooks and Co., merchants, St. Peter's Chambers, Cornhill, and of any money belonging to him in their hands, and also the share and interest he is entitled to under the will of his father in any property and not yet received by him and mixed with his own property, to his said two brothers, in the proportion of two fifths to Henry and three fifths to Herbert. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life; and, at her death, as well the capital as the income, to his said two brothers—two fifths to Henry and three fifths to Herbert.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1884), with a codicil (dated Sept. 19 following), of Sir Walter Wyndham Burrell, Bart., formerly M.P. for Shoreham, late of West Grinstead Park, Suffolk, who died on Jan. 24 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by Dame Dorathea Burrell, the widow, Sir Charles Raymond Burrell, Bart., the son, and Ernest Baggallay, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £65,000. The testator bequeaths his jewellery, wines, consumable stores, certain horses and carriages, and £1000 to his wife; his furniture, plate, pictures, books, and effects at West Grinstead Park to his wife, for life, and then to his sons Charles Raymond and Robert Merrik Raymond; his furniture and effects at Knepps Castle, and his live and dead farming stock to his son Charles Raymond; and legacies to servants. He charges the settled estates, under the powers given to him by settlement, with the payment of £600 per annum to his wife, for life, and with the capital sum of £10,000 in favour of his five younger children, and he gives certain farm lands purchased by him to be held upon the trusts of the said settlement. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay an annuity of £500 to his wife, for life, and, subject thereto, upon further trusts, for the benefit of his younger children.

It has been calculated that "Friday" will be a very prominent day this year, and that there will be fifty-three "Fridays" in the three hundred and sixty-five days; but it is probable that there will still be only one "Robinson Crusoe" to the end of time.